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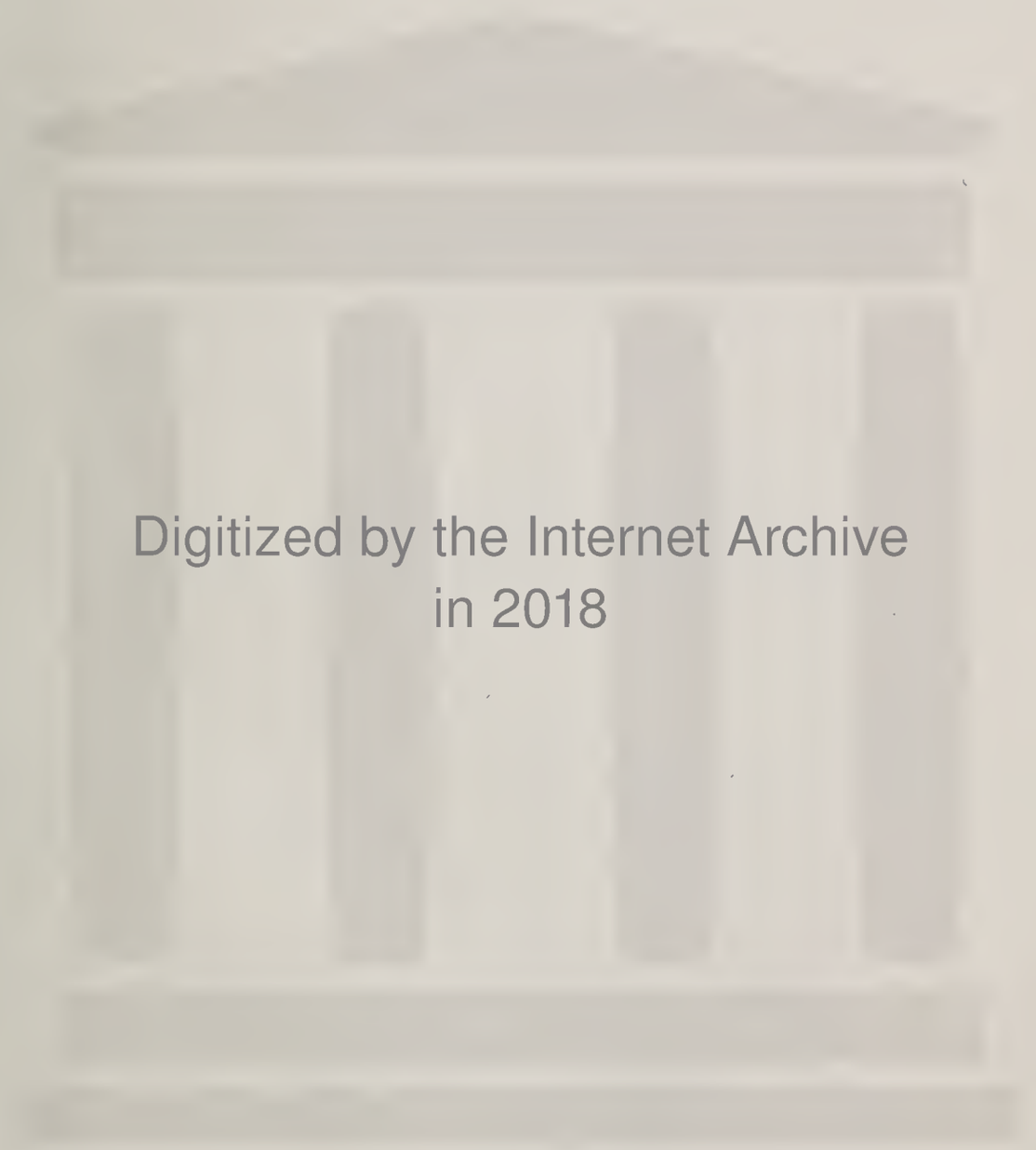

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THE CAMPBELL CLAN

Lewis C. Dunbar & Christina C. Dunbar

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Christina C. Dugger
Lewis C. Dunlap

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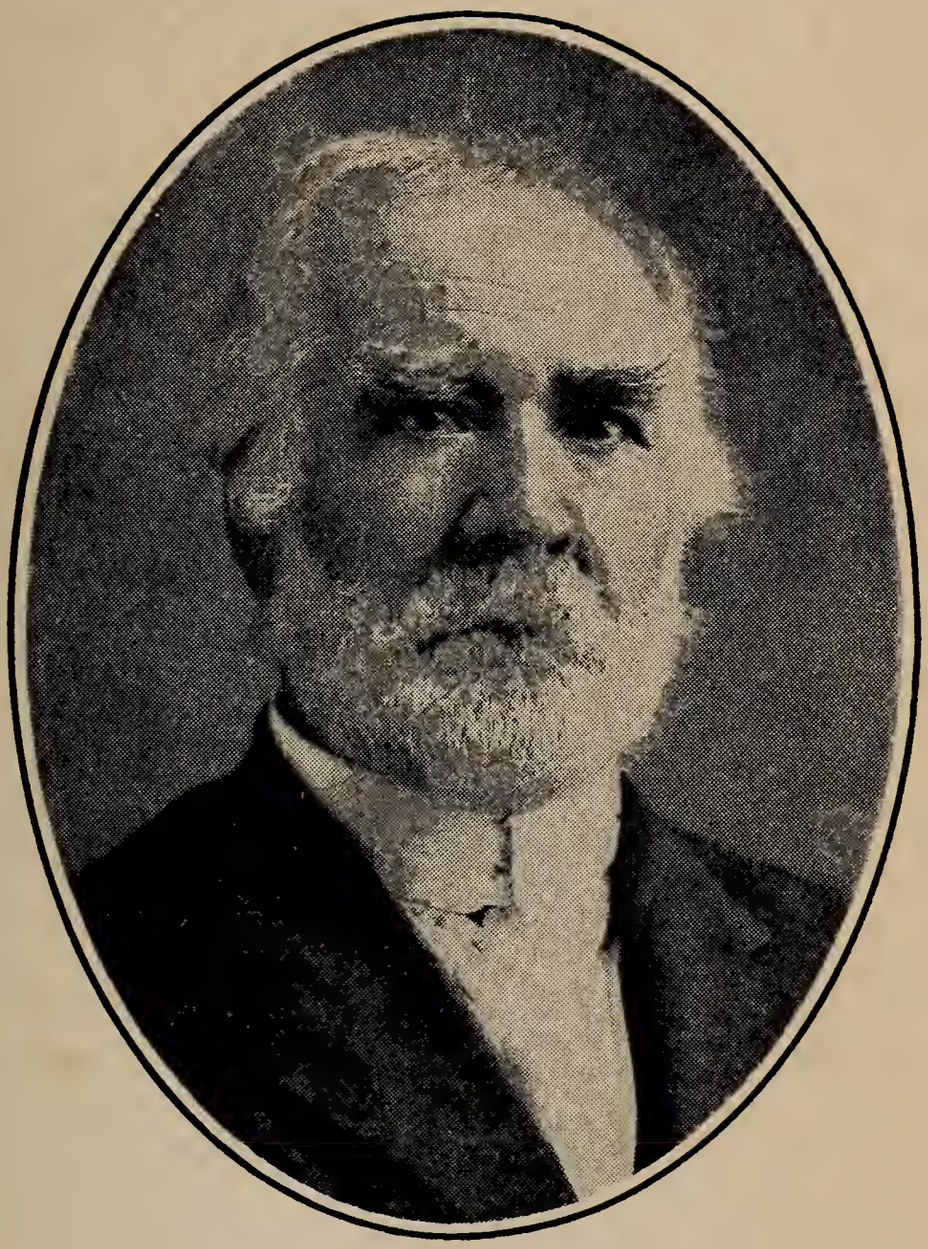
CHRISTINA CAMPBELL DUNLAP
1890



JAMES POLK DUNLAP

1925

DEDICATED

TO

OUR MOTHER

MY MOTHER

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheeks sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet hushabye,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

MY MOTHER

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?
My Mother.

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God who lives beyond the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,
My Mother.

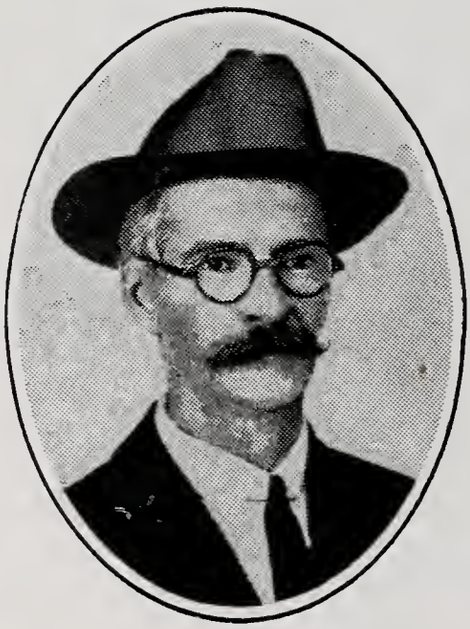
—Ann Taylor.

Historical works offered in citation:

THE HIGHLAND CLANS
By Geo. Eyre Todd

THE SCOTTISH NATION
By Wm. Anderson
Secretary of the Scottish Literary Institute

The well-known
SIR HARRY LAUDER



THE AUTHORS

LEWIS C. DUNLAP

CHRISTINA C. DUGGER

INTRODUCTION

In this, as in the majority of literary attempts, a preamble of some sort is not only expected but necessary in order to explain what the author has tried to accomplish.

The stories will be vague, disconnected, and in a few cases, positively contradictory. It can not be perfect owing to different views and lack of authentic data. A host of other misleading and discouraging causes have also been encountered, but as far as is possible to determine, each statement is the truth. Much of it is legendary, some is supported by history, and should be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered.

The compiling has been done in an attempt to gather, as far as possible, a genealogy of a certain family of Campbells who came to America in 1865, and their descendants. A sketch of the Campbell clan is given, along with stories and anecdotes of later years, which the editor hopes you will find interesting.

"Much water has passed under the bridge" since these events were current news. If this had been written a few years earlier, as was the original plan, when data and fresher minds were available, the story in a great many parts would have been more complete.

In some cases it has been utterly impossible to obtain the needed information, consequently those items were completely lost. Far be it from me to consider myself a journalist. We have simply, collected available facts from various sources, and claim no laurels. After considerable time, trouble and disappointment, we have closed the attempt and passed the result on to you—a sort of Campbell genealogy with sidelights.

L. C. Dunlap,
Christina Dugger,
Co-Compilers.

CHAPTER I

Early England

Long, long before the seas were alive with ships hurrying to and fro from all parts of the world, the British Isles were inhabited by bands of semi-savages, called Druids, each tribe having its own King. The stormy seas that rolled along the shores and the bleak winds that howled above the forests brought no recollection of anything different to the Druids—they knew nothing else. The then known world knew nothing of the Islanders, and the Islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world and cared less. They kept no records so their comings and goings were soon forgotten.

Conditions remained much the same until the Phoenicians, in their venturesome voyages along the coast, reached these islands and, finding that they produced tin and lead, came again and again, and considerable commercial trade was soon built up, not only in metals but also in live stock, hides and slaves.

The Phoenicians also sailed along the opposite coasts of France and Belgium, saying to the inhabitants there, "We have been to the white cliffs across the water, which you can see in fine weather, and from that country, which is called Britain, we bring this tin and lead." Thus tempted to trade, many did so and stayed.

It is natural that many of the Phoenicians likewise remained and it is also probable that people came from other countries, some passing on to Ireland and settling there. Thus, little by little, strangers became more plentiful on the Islands.

The first inhabitants, called Britons, were a wild, bold people, almost savage, especially in the interior where the traders and settlers seldom went. They were divided into as many as thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own King, and were constantly fighting among themselves, as savages usually do.

They had no houses deserving of the name and their villages were nothing but collections of straw-covered mud huts hidden in the thick woods. These people planted little or no crops, but lived on the flesh of their flocks and herds.

They were clever in basket work and could weave a coarse cloth and make very bad earthenware, but in warfare and the building of their fortifications they were much more clever. They made boats of basket work and covered them with skins.

These Britons had a strange and terrible religion, called the religion of the Druids, which included among its objectionable features human sacrifice. It seems to have been brought to the Islands in a very early time as they worshipped the Sun, Moon, and sundry heathen gods.

Perhaps the Islands were inhabited by an earlier and more ambitious people who in turn had been conquered and dispossessed by the Druids. There are many ruins that have no known historical significance today which bespeak great ambition and purpose and

which no one believes were built by the Druids. If so, why did they not build better living quarters?

Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire, is the most extraordinary of these. Three curious stones, called Kits Coty House, on Blue-bell Hill near Maidstone, Kent, forms another. It seems almost beyond belief that the great blocks of stone of which the buildings are built could have been raised by human power.

Such was the condition of the ancient Britons fifty-five years before the birth of Christ, when Julius Caesar was master of all the rest of the known world. Caesar had just conquered Gaul and here he heard a great deal concerning the opposite islands with their white cliffs, and much more concerning the bravery of the Britons who inhabited them, in fact some of the Britons had been brought over to help the Gauls in their war against him. He resolved, while he was so near, to cross and conquer Britain next. So Julius Caesar sailed, with 12,000 men, merrily over from the French coast between Calais and Boulogne, that being the shortest passage across the stormy channel, but was beaten so badly that he was forced to abandon the expedition and leave the island.

Returning the next spring with a better equipped army, the Romans again began their conquest, and although the Britons fought bravely in many battles, they lost ground and the Romans gained a foothold on the Island. However, the Britons would not stay beaten and rebelled many times afterward. Suetonius, another Roman general, came and stormed the Isle of Anglesey (now called Mona) which was the stronghold of the Druid priests, and therefore considered sacred. The priests and their works alike were burned.

Still the spirit of the Britons was not broken. When Suetonius left the country, they fell upon his troops and retook the Isle of Anglesey. Agricola came, fifteen or twenty years later, and retook the Isle and devoted seven years to subduing the country, especially the part

that is now Scotland. Its people, then called Caledonians, resisted him every inch of the way, fighting the bloodiest battles with him, in fact they fell in such numbers that certain hills in Scotland are claimed to be vast heaps of stones piled above the dead.

Hadrian came thirty years afterward but with no better result. Caracalla, the son and successor of Severus, did the most to conquer them for a time, but not by force of arms. He made a grant of land to the Caledonians, and gave the Britons the same privileges as the Romans possessed. After this there was peace for seventy years.

Then new enemies arose, the Saxons, a fierce people from the countries north of the Rhine. They came in private ships to the coasts of Gaul and Britain to raid and plunder, but they were repulsed by Carausius, who was appointed by the Romans, and under whom the Britons first began to fight upon the sea. After a time they renewed their depredations.

A few years later the Scots, by which name the inhabitants of Ireland were then known, and the Picts, who held what is now Scotland, began to make frequent plundering raids into the south of Britain. All these attacks were repeated at intervals during the next two hundred years.

At last when the Roman power over all the world was fast declining, and Rome needed all its soldiers at home, the Romans abandoned all hope of conquering Britain and sailed away, harried to the last step. Under Queen Boedecia, the Britons were left an independent people.

When the Romans departed forever, five hundred years had passed since Julius Caesar's first invasion of the Island. During that period the Romans had done an endless amount of work. For instance, Agricola had built a great wall of earth more than seventy miles long, extending from New Castle to beyond Carlisle, for the purpose of keeping out the Scots and Picts.

Thus we have come to the end of Roman times in England. Little is known of those five hundred years, but some remains are still found—traces of Roman camps overgrown with grass, and mounds that are burial places are to be found in almost all parts of the country. Across the bleak moor of Northumberland the walls, built by Severus, and overrun with moss, still stretch, a strong ruin, and the shepherd and his dogs lie asleep on them in the summertime.

On Salisbury Plain, Stonehenge yet stands, a monument to the earlier times when the Roman name was unknown in Britain, and when the Druids with their best magic wands could not have written their own names in the sands of the wild sea shore.

The secret of Stonehenge is still a puzzling mystery.

Every year in the early morning of June 21st, a large number of people assemble at Stonehenge to watch for the moment when the first rays of the sun strike the grim stone on which, long ago, so many human beings died under the Druids' sacrificial knife, notes a writer in ANSWERS MAGAZINE.

You can hear the latest dance music where the Druids chanted their hymns, and carefree laughter replaces the cries of the unhappy victims, to whom the feast of the summer solstice meant death, perhaps in a painful form.

Who built Stonehenge? A theory on this subject was put forward by a well-known archeologist and Biblical scholar, who believes that it was built by the Egyptians, two thousand years before the birth of Christ, for the worship of the sun and of the dead. He produces evidence, consisting mainly of place names, proving that the Egyptians had colonies in England.

It is an interesting theory, but what we know—or guess—of the customs and religion of our ancestors might equally justify the rival belief that their rites were copied from the Phoenicians, who came to these shores to buy Cornish tin. Some of these customs still survive. There is, for instance, The Beltane Queen

Festival at Peebles, in Scotland, which is held about the time of the midsummer solstice. Some authorities say that "Beltane" is derived from Baal, the god of the Phoenicians, and that it was this grim divinity whom the Druids worshipped. In any case, it seems fairly sure that in the old days the Beltane queen was a human sacrifice at the end of her brief reign.

LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wraiths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And O' we grudged her sair
To the land O' the leal.
But sorrows sel' wears past, John,
And joys a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinful man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
O dry your glistening e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal true, John,
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Noo fare-ye-weel, my ain, John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
Wee'l meet, and be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

—Caroline Nairn.

CHAPTER II

Scotland

And now we come to Scotland—the great and last trouble of the reign of King Edward I.

We all know what Scotland is and where it is, but did you ever seriously consider it geographically, or in the light of true comparison?

Situated as it is at the rough, frazzled end of an island, jutting out into the North Sea, it is unsheltered from the rough gales that tear at its deeply serrated coast throughout the greater part of the year. Like Norway, it has an enormous length of coast line compared with its total area, 30,405 square miles. It has for many centuries invited invasion, a weakness readily seen and eagerly taken advantage of by the ancient Danes and various marauding Scandinavian tribes. Many an invader was left behind after these raids, which seem to have occurred with distressing regular-

ity, also many a Scot died a galley slave with an iron ring about his neck—a thrall.

These junketings by the North Sea pirates lost favor, became quite tiresome in fact, and were finally given a decisive blow, during the reign of King Alfred, that put a long remembered crimp in their covetous operations. One night, as a large Danish force had landed and was about to make a surprise attack on the Scots under the cover of darkness, one of the Danes—they all were barefoot—stumbled into a clump of spiny thistles which caused him to indulge in an uproar that warned the Scots, who were thus enabled to turn the invasion into utter annihilation of the Danes. Thus the thistle became reverenced as an instrument in final victory.

The capitol city, Edinburgh, is affectionately termed "Auld Reekie" because of the constantly overhanging pall of smoke coming from its numerous factories, blast furnaces, and steel mills. Edinburgh, besides being the chief city, is the Celtic Pittsburgh and, if statistics do not err, it also compares very favorably in its liquid output with our own Louisville, Kentucky.

Mining and manufacturing are the chief industries. The largest and most efficient shipyards in the world are located on the Clyde. The Clyde was not inherited but made. Although naturally a river, it has been dredged and widened into a man-made waterway of vast importance—a river which, but for the intervention of man, would be but a mere trout stream. For miles the Clyde runs between cranes and cradles within which steel plates and castings become the stately ships and ocean tramps that carry the Union Jack across the seas.

For centuries the bagpipe, the national musical instrument, so-called, has been as much of a tradition among the Scots as their kilts. The music of the bagpipe has never been set to words. When the pipers pass squeezing, intricate bagpipe music into the air, you don't need words, and when a party of Highland

giants, in full Scottish regalia, bears down on you, you don't need music. The bagpipe is passing, as is most of the old order; the spectacular dress with its gay tartans is disappearing, and the folk dances are dying out for the want of present day enthusiasm to uphold the old traditions. Few remain who love and understand the pipes, for young Scotland now has the radio. Why devote your life to learning Highland flings when your best girl is out walking with a rival's arm about her waist?

Owing to the nature of the land and the conformation of the landscape, farming is carried on, not in a big way as we know it, but in small irregular fields, although some acquire many acres. Here are raised the most productive grains and vegetables. The most popular grain is oats, no doubt culled from many other cereals as the most prolific, hardy, and all-purpose grain. Oats and its kindred cereal, barley—both being early maturing and heavy yielders—can be spread to cover every need of man or beast, from the earliest morning porridge to the last good night nightcap. The porridge they call "'broze," while the nightcap is known the world over to bon vivants by pretty much the same name, "nightcap."

Sheep raising is another important occupation. Their woolens are known in all the markets of the world, besides forming the major part of the clothing worn in the country. Who has never heard of Scotch tweeds? Much flax is also grown, nearly all of which is processed at home, Dundee having the largest linen mills in Great Britain. The finished product is sold in the markets of the world, where it has few rivals.

The national sports, besides golf, include bowling and curling, two sports that embody many of the same principles, each for its own season of the year, when climatic conditions prohibit one or the other. The Scots are strong for games of skill, strength, or endurance, rather than chance, following very closely the

ancient Greeks and Romans—influences no doubt left on the "tin islands" during the Roman occupation.

Much fishing is done along the coast, principally for herring, which are mostly salt cured, or smoked. Great Yarmouth is the center of the herring industry and in 1913 more than 824,000 crams (a cram is 37½ imperial gallons), or somewhere about one billion (1,000,000,000) individual fish were unloaded at her docks.

And so, all in all, Scotland is not a country to be despised. Few there are who can review a Scotch acquaintance with regret. They have always shown themselves loyal to the British Crown but in migration they transferred their loyalty as faithfully to the land of their adoption. They love their native country, which is meet, and by keeping alive the folk lore of their ancestors they make a foundation and background of the traditional Scotch granite for later and more restless generations that have spread far in the recurring years. "Scotch granite" is an allegorical phrase. fully understood and appreciated by few, although misconstrued and ridiculed by many. The basic principle remains unshaken and is revered by those who recognize sterling worth.

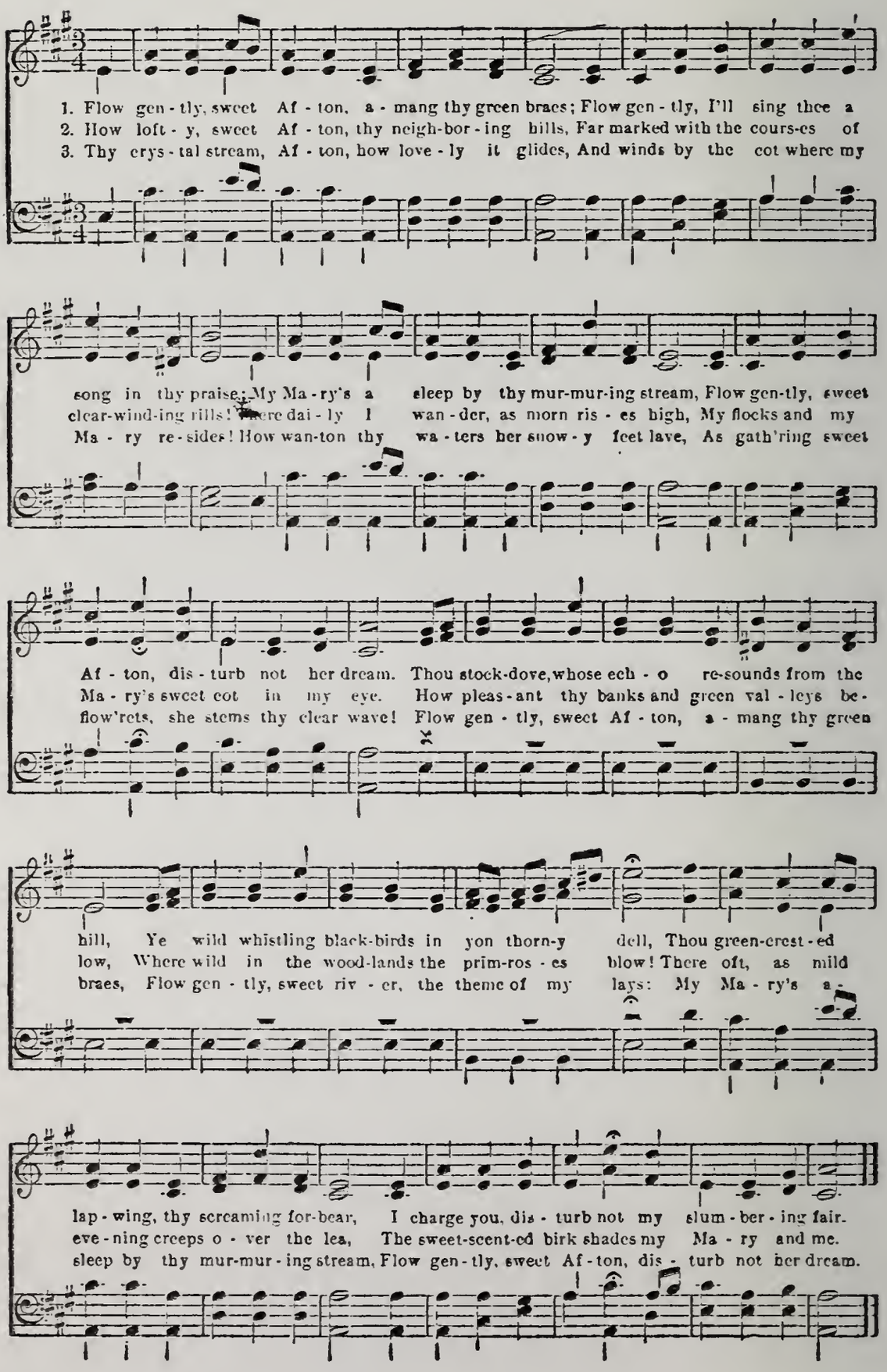
I do not want my readers to feel that I wish to convey the impression that the average Scot is all virtue and no vice, for petty vice is as prone to thrive within Scottish shores as elsewhere. I do wish to emphasize, however, that there is no greater national fault than a Scot's notorious stubbornness. It is not a perverse stubbornness, born to be contrary, but a resistance in defense of his convictions. You may, before he has definitely settled his mind (and he will go far to prove a question), veer his opinion, provided you bear proofs of the fact. But once let him be fully convinced and you will ever after bump against that "Scotch granite" characteristic, firm and enduring, which can only be changed or shaped by painstaking

patience, or be replaced by something stronger, something more enduring.

Yes, when a Scotchman has fully settled his mind he can be as "sot in his ways" as the traditional mule and, unless you know why, as unreasonable. Who knows, perhaps the mule has reasons, too, but unlike the Scot he is unable to explain, if necessary. Here again another cross-grained, ingrown trait makes itself manifest—a friend needs no explanation, an enemy would not believe, anyway, so why waste energy in explanations. Should you analyze one of his opinions you will find good and sufficient reason for that opinion, good or bad, pro or con. By virtue of that same quality a Scot has the knack of usually accomplishing whatever he sets his mind to achieve. He will usually swallow an insult if thereby an open breach may be avoided, but should the antagonist insist on gore, figuratively or literally, look out, he will remain in the fray to the end, to return with his shield or upon it.

Nationally, the Scotch are a healthy, hardy race. They have to be. Even the animals that they breed seem to take on the "do or die" trait that every one and every thing within Scotland's border seems to draw into its life from the very rocks and hills of their native land. We are all familiar with the honest endeavor of their horses, the Norman and Shire breeds particularly; the faithfulness and intelligence of their Collie dogs, and the tenacity of the Skye and Scottish terriers is too well known for lengthy comment. It may be the environment and it may be that they have to fight for all that they possess. At any rate there is little that has come out of Scotland that is really bad.

Strangely enough, we are usually interested in history only when it comes from foreign lands. Ripley doesn't attempt to explain it. Our lack of curiosity about American history is something scandalous—except when we read something that upsets the facts which we have been taught were gospel truth.

"FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON"

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As gath'ring sweet
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re-sounds from the
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green
hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest - ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -
lap - wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

AS AN introduction I shall begin by asking an ambiguous question: "What is Scotch?"

If this question were put to a number of persons, no doubt the answers would equal the sum of the queries. Each and every person has his or her own private conception of the meaning which their own personal temperament, education, or previous condition of servitude might suggest. Ranging from grave to gay, ideas of high and low degree, from ethereal to the sordid, the answers would be as widely flung as the world and I verily believe, nearly as inclusive.

For example, one might answer: it is a dialect, pure and simple, a dialect the like of which there is none other, and which he entertains grave doubts of even the user comprehending. Be that as it may, it is a dialect that is much misquoted and as often misunderstood in its raw and natural state.

Another: it is a personage embodying the incongruous items of a lurid hirsute adornment, garments of amazing cut and construction, along with, as often as not, a ghastly vocabulary; who dotes on a game of golf, or thrills at the shrill skirling of bagpipes. Such is his conception.

A third, with more worldly tastes and experiences, may answer that it is a beverage, first, last, and always. His contention is prompted and stoutly supported by personal contact with a fiery liquid that sometimes has a smoky tang bringing to the mind's eye a scene of peat fires or smouldering whins. If he be of jovial disposition (which often happens) he may back up his arguments with such tangible proof as a "wee dock and doris." This mark of cordial feelings passes under varied names in other climes and conditions. I might say, in passing, that much of this so-called Scotch, to which he refers, is of deadly portent, wierd of concoction, and of doubtful origin. Very often its beginning is not even within a thousand miles of Edinburgh town. Such is the far-reaching scope of fame.

The painter has his own definition, the railroad paddy has his. Others, who appear to constitute by far the larger percentage, will draw for you the mental portrait so widely exhibited and most universally accepted—the Scotchman of comic magazines and jokedom generally. The portrait usually centers around one or more of three favorite themes, penury, whiskey and golf, in the order named. For instance, there is the joke of the Scotchman whose name was Vincent, but insisted on being called "Vin" so that a cent might be saved each and every time his name was used. This being an elastic subject and the Scots by hereditary instinct being a careful race regarding expenditures, it has given rise to a veritable tide of jokes of this flavor —or is it jibes? And so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

The answer is far away from these. The true Scot has as fine sensibilities and is as free-hearted in time of need as one of any other nationality on earth. Never will you find one who is in any way ashamed of his ancestry, but quite the reverse is true.

The Scotch are what necessity has made them, and what nature has driven them to be by the spur of need in the years that are gone. Generation after generation has passed, each that must needs defy an inhospitable climate, and wrest a living—often enough it was meager—from a poor, rocky soil that gave grudging returns for the labor. To the end that they might survive and subsist on the fruits of their toil, they must be careful and frugal to the last degree. Nothing of any future value must be allowed to go to waste which led to many a conserving of odds and ends, a heterogeneous collection apparently without rhyme or reason, except that it might be useful some day. This quality has been exaggerated by jokesmiths generally and would be humorous were it not for the pitiful fact that it is the last fading of a traditional quality that had become ingrown long ago when one *must save* and keep something in reserve for a rainy day or sink in inglorious defeat. If the world today possessed

more of that same quality there would be less moaning about the depression.

Perhaps a people who have fought a hostile land and conquered it have a different sense of values—have even a right to them. They view in retrospect not only cause and effect, but cure, and could be nothing else but frugal, not for the greed of gain, but the necessity for survival. After numberless generations, is it a marvel that this trait has become a thing to them exceeded only by their religion? Is it a wonder that it has become part and parcel of their every day life?

It is not begrudging stinginess, for they will share their all at any time with the unfortunate wayfarer or needy, but refuse to deny themselves to support the improvident who have had as many or more chances to acquire the necessities of life. Aesop's fable of the grasshopper and the ant preceded the Scotch nation by at least a thousand years. There is little that is really new.

When will the outlander learn that the Scotch are not all thrift, caution, and kale yard prose, but a nation showing two main strains? One component part may be hard, practical, frugal; in politics tending to democracy, in religion to logic, but this has been crossed with a spirit, better bred in the romantic Highlands, that is generous, proud, quick-tempered, reckless, reverent of the past rather than eager for progress. They are as a class great advocates of Mother Grundy and her conventions. Such people grow in proportion to the nature they are in conflict with, and hereditary influence should not be compared to environment in the shaping of character.

Scotland has furnished her quota of notable personages, though few have been her representatives in the field of letters. The few she has contributed have shone with a luster seldom excelled. The names of Burns, Carlyle, Moore, Scott and Stevenson will live long and their writings enjoyed by hosts of readers who are not Celts or their descendants.

One quotation from Burns seems not amiss at this place—so aptly put, so deep in meaning:

"Wie merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
I wat they didna weary;
An' unco tales, an' funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery."

Why does mention of this Scotch quality crop out so often, as if it were a plague? As a matter of fact, it is only what is known as intestinal fortitude when mentioned by others.

Wherever duty has called they have answered. In the jungle, on the desert, in the frozen North, sons of Scotland have indelibly inscribed their names on the tablets of time. What tale of adventure would be complete without a Duane, a McDonald, or McAllister, or even a Larned, or a McKenzie?

The field of mechanics and invention seems to hold a fascination for them. Look the world over and in the majority of cases wherever you find a steam engine you will also find a Scotchman.

Gardening also has a pull on their heartstrings, but no matter what, their main occupations will be found to be constructive and not destructive. They hold a reverence for duty and honor that amounts to a creed. Although clannish to a fault they are generous in proportion to their possessions: witness the record of benevolence in our own land of Andrew Carnegie, a Scot to the backbone.

As to their loyalty to the home land, none have put into words so concise and glowing a tribute as was done by that famous and fun-loving personage, Sir Harry Lauder, in his book, "A MINSTREL IN FRANCE":

"No part of the United Kingdom and, for that matter, no part of the world, has played a greater part in proportion to its size and its ability, than has Scotland in this war for humanity against the black force that has attacked it. Nearly a million men has Scotland sent out to the army, out of a total population of five million! One in five of all her people have gone. No

country in the world has matched that record. Ah, there are no slackers in Bonnie Scotland: and they are still going, they are still going! As fast as they are old enough, as fast as restrictions are removed so that men are taken who were turned back at first by recruiting officers, as fast as men see to it that some provision is made for those that they must leave behind them, they are putting on the King's uniform and are going out against the Hun.

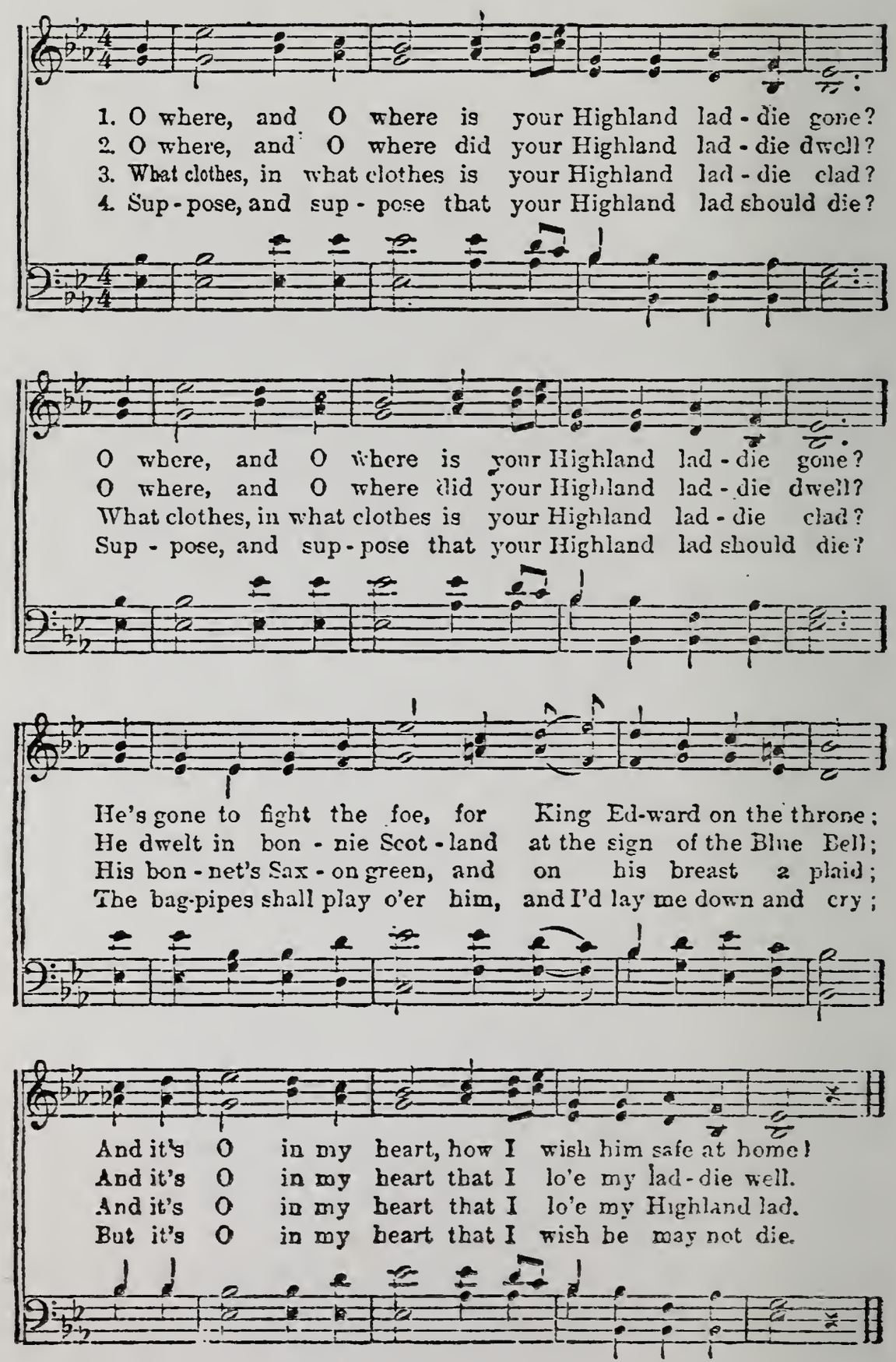
"My country, my ain Scotland, is not great in area, it is not a rich country in worldly goods or money. But it is big with a bigness beyond measurement, it is rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, in patriotism, in love for country, and in bravery."

I believe the foregoing eulogy will stand the acid test of time and long remain an inspiration to the world, a record to be proud of at any and all times wherever the hardy sons of the land of oaten cakes and kilts may be. They were weighed and found not wanting at Mons and Vimy Ridge as their forefathers were at Waterloo, Lucknow, Mangalore, Megiddo, and Sevastapol.

All Scotch are not loquacious, and just because they do not carry on and make a great to-do over a thing is no sign that they are dumb. Far from it, for this trait that abhors effervescence is given in one word—"ineffusive." The Scotch are quick to analyze and catalogue a person and heaven help that individual if he is found wanting.

Years ago a Scottish farmer noticed a wheat plant in one of his fields with a branching stalk. It yielded sixty-three ears, and by saving the seed he originated a valuable new wheat.

"THE BLUEBELLS OF SCOTLAND"


1. O where, and O where is your Highland lad - die gone?
2. O where, and O where did your Highland lad - die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad - die clad?
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die?
O where, and O where is your Highland lad - die gone?
O where, and O where did your Highland lad - die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad - die clad?
Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die?
He's gone to fight the foe, for King Ed-ward on the throne;
He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon - net's Sax - on green, and on his breast a plaid;
The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's O in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's O in my heart that I lo'e my lad - die well.
And it's O in my heart that I lo'e my Highland lad.
But it's O in my heart that I wish he may not die.

ABOUT thirteen years after King Edward's coronation, Alexander III, King of Scotland, died after a fall from his horse. He had been married to Margaret, King Edward's sister. All their children being dead, the Scottish Crown became the right of a young Princess only eight years old, the daughter of Eric, King of Norway, who had married a daughter of the deceased sovereign. King Edward proposed that the "Maiden of Norway," as the Princess was called, should be betrothed to his eldest son, but, unfortunately, as she was crossing to England she fell sick and died soon after landing on one of the Orkney Islands.

A great commotion immediately began in Scotland, where there were as many as thirteen noisy claimants to the vacant throne. King Edward, being renowned for his sagacity and justice, it seems to have been agreed by the claimants to refer the dispute to him. He accepted the trust, and went with an army to the borderland where England and Scotland join. There he called upon the Scottish Chiefs to meet him at the Castle of Norham, on the English side of the river Tweed, and to the castle they came, but before he would make any decision he required these Scottish gentlemen, one and all, to do homage to him as their superior lord, and when they hesitated he said, "By the holy Edward, whose crown I wear, I will have my rights or I will die maintaining them." The Scottish gentlemen, who had not expected this, were disconcerted and asked for three weeks to think it over.

At the end of the three weeks, another meeting took place on a green plain on the Scottish side of the river. Of all the competitors for the Scottish throne, there were only two who had any real claim because of their near kinship to the royal family. They were John Baliol and Robert Bruce and the right of succession was, I have no doubt, in favor of Baliol.

At that particular meeting, John Baliol was not present but Robert Bruce was, and when Bruce was formally asked whether he acknowledged the King of

England as his Superior Lord, he answered plainly and distinctly, "Yes, I do." The next day John Baliol appeared and made the same acknowledgment. This point settled, some arrangements were made for inquiring into their respective titles. The inquiry occupied considerable time, more than a year. While this was going on, King Edward took the opportunity to make a journey through Scotland, calling upon the Scottish people of all degrees to acknowledge themselves as his vassals or be imprisoned until they did.

In the meanwhile, commissioners were appointed to conduct the inquiry, a Parliament being held at Berwick. The two claimants were heard, at length, and there was a vast amount of talk. At last in the great hall of the castle of Berwick, the King gave his judgment in favor of John Baliol, who consented to receive the crown by the King of England's favor and permission and was crowned at the abbey in Scone, in the old stone chair that had been used for ages at the coronation of Scottish kings.

Then, King Edward caused the Great Seal of Scotland, used since the late king's death, to be broken into four pieces and placed in the English Treasury, believing that he had Scotland under his thumb.

But Scotland still had a strong will of its own. However, King Edward determined that the Scottish king should not forget that he was a vassal, summoning him repeatedly to come and defend himself and his judges before the English Parliament when appeals from the decisions of Scottish courts of justice were being heard. At length, John Baliol, who had no great amount of stamina was so inspired by the brave spirit of the Scottish people. who considered this action as a national insult, that he refused to answer any more summons. Thereupon the king further required him to give assistance in his wars abroad and to give as security for his good behavior in the future the three strong Scottish castles of Jedburgh, Roxburgh and Berwick.

These demands were not met, the Scottish people concealing their king among the mountains in the Highlands and showing a determination to resist. King Edward then marched to Berwick with an army of thirty thousand foot and four thousand horsemen, took the castle and slew the entire garrison, as well as the inhabitants of the town, men, women and children. Lord Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, then proceeded to the Castle of Dunbar, before which a battle was fought, and the whole Scottish army was defeated with great slaughter. The victory being complete, the Earl of Surrey was left as guardian of Scotland; the principal offices in the Kingdom were given to Englishmen; the more powerful Scottish nobles were obliged to cross the border and live in England; the Scottish crown and scepter were carried away; even the Old Stone Chair was carried away and placed in Westminster Abbey, where it is today, and upon which all the British coronations have since taken place.

Baliol had the Tower of London loaned him for a residence, with permission to range about within a circle of twenty miles. Three years afterward he was allowed to go to Normandy, where he had an estate, and where he passed the remaining six years of his life; far more happily I dare say, than he had lived before.

Now there was, in the West of Scotland, a gentleman of small fortune, named William Wallace, the second son of a Scottish knight. He was a man of great size and enormous strength, was equally brave and daring and born with the "Scotch granite" in him. When he spoke to a body of his countrymen he could arouse them by the power of his oratory.

He loved Scotland dearly, and hated England with an undying hatred. The domineering conduct of the English, who now held the places of trust and authority in Scotland, made them as intolerable to the proud Scottish people as they had been, under similar circumstances, to the Welsh; and no man in all Scotland re-

garded them with so much smothered hate as did William Wallace. One day an Englishman, in office, offended him. Wallace instantly struck him dead, and was forced to seek refuge among the rocks and hills. There he joined his countryman, Sir William Douglas, who was also in arms against King Edward, and became the most resolute and dauntless champion of a people, struggling for their independence, who ever lived. The English guardians of the kingdom fled before him, and thus encouraged, the Scottish people revolted everywhere, and fell upon the English without mercy.

The Earl of Surrey, by the King's command, raised all the power of the border counties, and two English armies poured into Scotland. Only one Chief, in the face of these armies, remained loyal to Wallace, who with a force of forty thousand men, awaited the invaders at a place on the river Forth, within two miles of Stirling. Across the river was only one wooden bridge, called the Bridge of Kildear, so narrow that but two men could cross it abreast. With his eyes upon this bridge, Wallace posted the greater part of his men on rising ground, calmly awaiting the arrival of the English army upon the opposite bank of the river. Messengers were sent from the English army offering terms, but Wallace sent them back with defiance in the name of "the freedom of Scotland." Some of the officers of the Earl of Surrey, who was in command of the English, with their eyes also on the bridge, advised their commander to be discreet and not hasty. He, however, urged to immediate battle by other officers and particularly by Cressingham, King Edward's treasurer, and a harsh man, gave the command to advance. One thousand English crossed, then three, then four. During all this time not a feather had been seen to stir among the Scottish bonnets. Now they all fluttered. "Forward, one party to the foot of the bridge," cried Wallace. "Let no more English cross. The rest of you, down with me on the four thousand

who have come over, and cut them to pieces." It was done in sight of the remainder of the English army, who could give no aid. Cressingham himself was killed and the Scotch made whips for their horses of his skin.

King Edward was abroad at the time of this battle and during the Scottish successes which followed and which enabled Wallace to win back the entire country, even ravaging the English borders. But after a few months the king returned, with more than his usual energy. One night a kick from his horse, as they both lay on the ground, broke two of his ribs. A cry arose that he was killed, but regardless of the pain he suffered, he leaped into his saddle and rode through the camp. Day soon appeared. He gave the word, "Forward," and still of course in his bruised and aching state, led his men to near Falkirk, where the Scottish forces were seen to be drawn up on some stony ground, behind a morass. Here he defeated Wallace and killed many of his men. With the shattered remainder of his army, Wallace drew back to Stirling, but on being pursued, he set fire to the town that it might be of no assistance to the English, and escaped. The inhabitants of Perth afterward set fire to their houses for the same reason, and the king, unable to find provisions, was forced to withdraw his army.

Another Robert Bruce, grandson of him who had disputed the Scottish crown with Baliol, was now in arms against the King (the elder Bruce being dead), and also John Comyn, Baliol's nephew. These two young men might agree in opposing Edward, but they could agree in nothing else, as they were rivals for the throne of Scotland. Probably it was because they knew this, and knew what troubles must arise even if they could hope to get the better of the English king, that the leading Scottish people applied to the Pope for his interference. The Pope, on the principle of losing nothing for the want of trying to get it, very coldly claimed that Scotland belonged to him, but this was a

little too much and the Parliament in a very friendly manner told him so.

In the spring of the year 1303, the King sent Sir John Segrave, whom he had made Governor of Scotland, with twenty thousand men, to crush the rebels. Sir John was not as careful as he should have been, and encamped at Rosslyn, near Edinburgh, with his army divided into three parts. The Scottish force saw the advantage, fell on each part separately, defeated it, and killed all the prisoners. Then came the King himself, as soon as a great army could be raised, passing through the whole North of Scotland, laying waste whatsoever came in his way, and taking up winter quarters at Dunfermline. The Scottish cause now looked hopeless, for now that Comyn and the other nobles had submitted and received their pardon, William Wallace alone stood out. He was invited to surrender, although no distinct pledge was given that his life should be spared. He still defied the ireful King, and lived among the steep crags of the Highland glens, where the eagles build their nests and the mountain torrents roar, where the white snow was deep and the bitter winds blew around his unsheltered head, as he lay through many pitch dark nights wrapped in his plaid. Nothing could break his spirit, nothing could lower his courage, nothing could induce him to forget and forgive his country's wrong. Even when the castle of Stirling, which had long held out, was beseiged by the King with every kind of military engine then in use; even when the King, an old man, commanded the seige as if he were a youth, being determined to conquer; even when the brave garrison (then found with amazement to be less than two hundred people, including several ladies) was starved and beaten out and made to submit on their knees, with every form of disgrace that could aggravate their sufferings; even then, when there was not a ray of hope in Scotland, William Wallace was as proud and firm as if he had beheld the powerful and relentless King Edward lying dead at his feet.

Who finally betrayed William Wallace is not known and his betrayal may have been an accident. He was taken to Dumbarton Castle, under Sir John Monteith, and thence to London, where the great fame of his bravery and resolution attracted immense crowds who desired to see him. He was tried in Westminster Hall, with a crown of laurel on his head, and was found guilty of being a robber, a murderer, and a traitor. What they called a robber, (he said to those around him) he was, because he had taken spoils from the King's men; what they called a murderer, he was, because he had slain an insolent Englishman; what they called a traitor, he was not, for he had never sworn allegiance to the King, and had ever scorned to do it.

He was dragged at the tail of a horse to West Smithfield and there hanged on a high gallows, torn open before he was dead, beheaded and quartered. His head was set up on a pike on London bridge, his right arm was sent to New Castle, his left arm to Berwick, and his legs to Perth and Aberdeen. But if King Edward had had his body cut into inch pieces, and had sent a piece into every town, he could not have dispersed it one half so far and wide as his fame has reached.

William Wallace will be remembered in song and story while there are songs and stories in the English tongue, and Scotland will hold him dear while her lochs and bens last.

* * * *

The little Island of Scotland and England, judging from its appearance, must have been a piece of rubbish that the creator threw away when he made the rest of the earth, and promptly forgot about.

It never was leveled nor the shores filled in; its mountains, deep ravines, and fertile valleys still remain as they were thrown out some forty thousand years ago, and lay there uninhabited, except by Druids, until about two thousand years ago when the Scots formed a permanent settlement.

Scotland is a land of romance; a land of promise; a land of song and poetry, of blue-eyed, sandy complexioned people with picturesque costumes that have absorbed a great quantity of granite from the gray granite hills. It is a far country near the rising sun; and what wonderful echoes there are, coming back again and again. It seems to present a different picture at every turn of the road. There is so much rain that trees, flowers or grass grow everywhere; there are scarcely any flies or biting insects; there is water, water everywhere, and all of it fit to drink. There are no vast lonely places, but pleasant farms, hedge rows, and diversified scenery greet the eye, always, everywhere.

THE CALL TO A SCOT

There came an ancient man and slow,
Who piped his way along our street—
How could the neighbor's children know
That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?

With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt,
And jeered the piper in mirthful file;
But, strangely moved, she heard the lilt
That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A strolling player in the street,
Half-hearted, weary, out of place—
But his old measure stirred her feet,
My baby with the Gaelic face;

She squared her shoulders as she stood
To watch the piper 'round the turn—
Nor dreamed what beat within her blood
Was Robert Bruce and Bannockburn.

—Ruth Guthrie Harding.

ROBERT BRUCE was the grandson of the second daughter of David of Hundingdon—brother of William the Lion, and Lady Marjorie—Countess of Carrick, who had kidnapped him on a hunting trip, and chivied him into marrying her.

Bruce was at one time a subject of England and fought against Wallace at the battle of Falkirk in which the Scots lost nearly 15,000 men, but was afterward turned to the Scottish cause through a personal tirade by Wallace. Later he became as staunch a supporter of Scotland as he had been of England. Wallace was eventually captured by an act of treachery, taken to London, and finally tortured to death by the English.

Bruce was also betrayed by one, Red Comyn, and only escaped the same fate by reversing his horse's shoes in order to confuse his followers, and lived to kill his betrayer. He was crowned King by the Countess of Buchan, a near relative of Red Comyn.

The Queen (Bruce's wife), their daughter, Princess Marjorie, and the King's three sisters were captured by the English at their castle of Kildrummie. The countess of Buchan was also taken with the Queen and all were confined in English dungeons for eight years. The Countess was placed in a cage, which was hung from the wall of Berwick Castle for her part in crowning Bruce as King. She was kept in this cage for four years before the prisoners were finally released. Bruce's brother, Nigel. was likewise taken prisoner and met the same fate as Wallace.

Evidently it took a stout heart to be a patriot in those days.

It was then that the days were darkest for Scotland and her harried King. He was a hunted man, beset by every danger, with a price on his head. Knowing not whom to trust, sad, discouraged, and weary of the struggle, he lay in hiding one day on his pallet of straw in the poor little hut of a shepherd where he had found refuge. Full of sad thoughts, King Robert looked up

at the bare rafters and saw a spider trying to get from one rafter to the next. Nine times it tried and failed, but once more it tried and succeeded.

Sunday, June 23, 1314, was fought the battle of *Bannockburn which was the outcome of his meditations concerning the success of the spider. Fired by desperation he determined to make at least one more stand against the invading English. He rallied his scattered troops and made an earnest appeal to them, exhorting them to "do or die" in the glorious cause of freedom.

The incident inspired the following poem:

BANNOCKBURN

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce hae aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery.

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.

"Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me.

"By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

"Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fa' in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow—
Let us do—or dee."

And "do" they did, though many died, winning a victory that was a turning point in Scotland's history, and the invaders were driven back across the border.

Bruce's daughter, Princess Marjorie, married Walter the High Stuart. Their son became Robert II, the first of the line of Stuart Kings.

At the death of Queen Elizabeth of England, James VI of Scotland ascended to the throne by right of heritage, thereby uniting the two under one crown, which has continued until the present day.

Thus forever ended Scotland's independence.

* * * *

*The Battle of Bannockburn does not, as many suppose, take its name from any connection with a scorched bannoch, or griddle scone, but because it was fought on the banks of a small stream, or "burn," that bore the name of Bannoch. The name, reduced to modern parlance would, no doubt, have been Bannoch creek, with the same meaning.

The historical events mentioned have been very sketchily dealt with, as is necessary, as you will appreciate when you consider the age of the little country and the vast amount of history that she has gathered to herself. Scotland for over five hundred years was in an almost constant state of war with invaders and those who sought to conquer—two things that were never done—after all the cruelties and bloodshed. The sturdy Scots never went down to lasting defeat and their red lion rampant on its golden field has its quarter in the royal standard, as the cross of St. Andrew is included in the Union Jack of Great Britain.

* * * *

Another authority gives in a very condensed form the following:

This monarch belonged to the Norman family, De Bruis, which in the person of Robert De Bruis came to England with the Conqueror in 1066. This knight received large grants of land, chiefly in Yorkshire, and his son, Robert, who was an associate of the prince who afterward became David I of Scotland, obtained the Lordship of Annandale.

At the battle of the Standard (1138) Robert Bruce fought on the English side, while his son, the third

Robert, fought under David and was taken prisoner, it is said, by his own father.

He had two sons, Robert and William. Robert the elder died before 1191. William, his brother and heir, died in 1215, and was succeeded by his son, Robert de Bruce, who died in 1245. Their son, Robert de Bruce, was in 1255 nominated one of the Regents of the Kingdom of Scotland, and guardian of Alexander III, and his Queen. In 1264, with John Comyn and John Baliol, he led a body of Scottish auxiliaries to assist King Henry III against his rebellious barons, and was taken prisoner with that monarch at the battle of Lewis. He sat in Parliament as Lord of Annandale in 1290, and entered his claim to the Crown of Scotland, as the nearest heir of King Alexander III. King Edward I overruled all the pleas of Bruce, and adjudged the Kingdom of Scotland to Baliol. Bruce died in 1295, aged eighty-five. His eldest son, Robert de Bruce, was born in 1245 and accompanied Edward into Scotland against Baliol. Edward had promised to raise Bruce to the throne in place of Baliol, but failed to carry out this design. Bruce retired to England and died in 1304.

By Margaret, Countess of Carrick, his wife, he left a large family. His eldest son, Robert de Bruce, born July 11, 1274, asserted his claim to the Scottish Crown, ascended the throne of his ancestors, and was crowned at Scone, March 27, 1306. After many vicissitudes, the power of King Robert I was finally cemented by his splendid and decisive victory at Bannockburn, 1314. He died at Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, June 7, 1314, at the age of fifty-five, and was interred in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline.

His heart, after being carried to Palestine, was brought back and buried in the Monastery of Melrose.

Every Scottish schoolboy is familiar with the story of the heroic fight with the Moors on the field of Granada, Spain, as the little band of Scottish knights was making its way to bury the heart of their beloved mon-

arch, Bruce, in the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine. Here the Good Lord James of Douglas met his death. He noted that another knight, Sir William St. Clair, had charged too far ahead and was surrounded by the enemy. Douglas, noting this, exclaimed "Yonder worthy knight will be slain unless he have instant help," and he galloped to the rescue. Then, himself surrounded by the enemy, and seeing no hope of escape, he took from his neck the casket containing Bruce's heart, and threw it forward among the enemy with the cry "Pass first in fight, as thou wert won't to do; Douglas will follow thee or die!" And, pressing forward to the place where it had fallen, was himself slain.

Sir Robert, and Sir Walter Logan, also John, the brother of Sir William St. Clair, also met death on this Andalusian battlefield.

* * * *

Anyone interested in obtaining more explicit details can obtain the desired information from any good library carrying books on Scottish history.

Scottish law and order seems to have been very much at loose ends at the time in which the old Feudal Barons and Clan Chiefs were very much a law unto themselves. Although the Kingship was a hereditary office, it seems as though any one with enough backing and stamina could put himself forward as a pretender or as a contender and win out, provided his army could back up his arguments. Even then, there was always the defeated element to reckon with, as they simply would not remain defeated, inasmuch as they were always being agitated by invasions from England or uprisings between the various clans. Before the Reformation the Papal decrees were the greatest factor in politics and intrigue, and very much depended upon carrying out the dictates of the church or from higher authority, the Pope.

After a King was crowned by either popular or, what was still worse, unpopular acclaim, from among

the eligibles, he must defend his title, going onto the field of battle and fighting his own cause, foraging for his food as his army did and no doubt sleeping at night with fleas under his chain shirt as if he were a common camp follower. Defeat meant that he was liable to lose his head as well as his job. Hence it was greatly to his advantage to be canny and make a good job of any and all his undertakings.

* * * *

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed;
And so he became quiet and sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropp'd
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the King in the midst of thinking stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it could get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up, with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travell'd a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
A road its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, Bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honor to those who try;
The spider up there, defied despair;
He conquer'd, and why shouldn't I?"

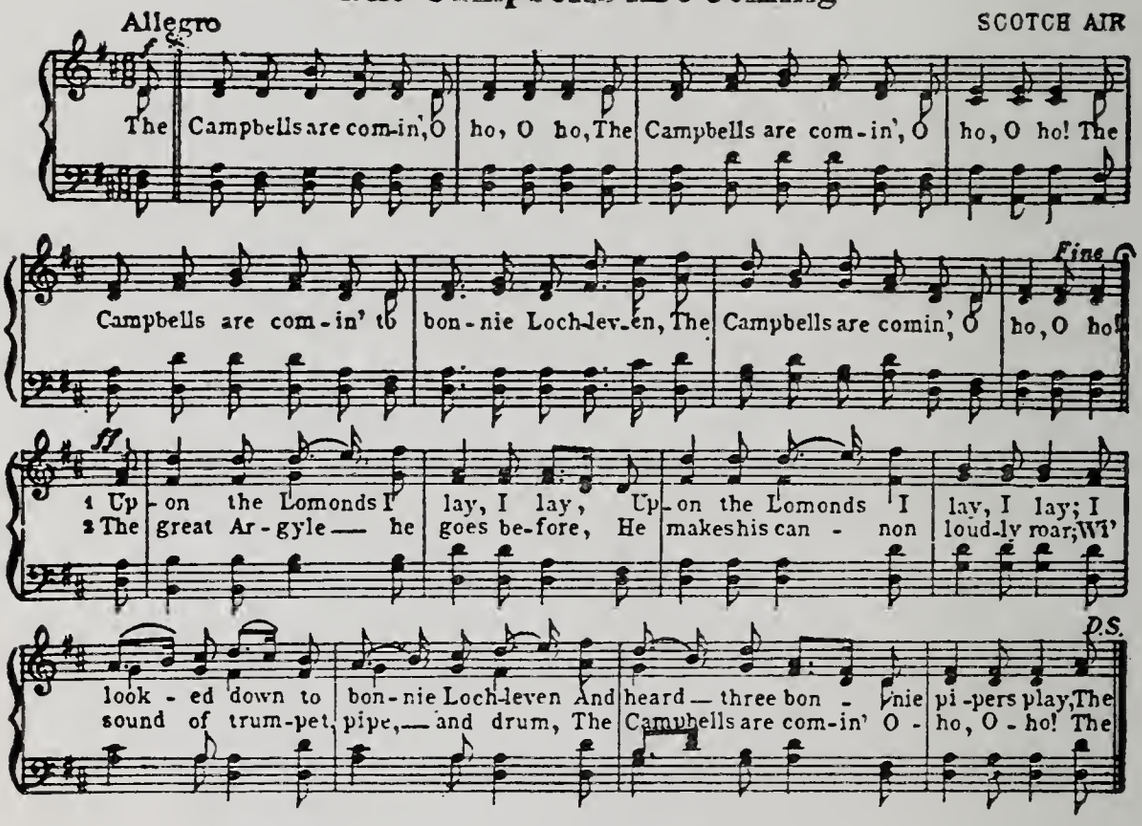
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more, as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't";
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

—Eliza Cook.

The Campbells Are Coming


Allegro
SCOTCH AIR
The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com-in', O ho, O ho! The
Campbells are com-in' to bon-nie Loch-lev-en, The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!
Fine
ff
1 Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I
2 The great Ar-gyle — he goes be-fore, He makeshis can - non loud-ly roar; Wi'
look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-leven And heard — three bon - nie pi-pers play, The
sound of trum-pet, pipe, — and drum, The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho! The
D.S.

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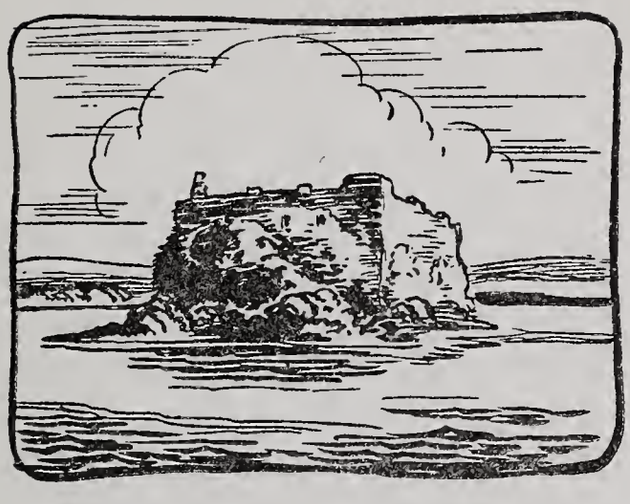


Inisconnel—Loch Awe
The Cradle of the Campbell Race

CHAPTER III

The Campbells In History

A century and a half after the days of Somerled, the MacDougal Lords of Argyll and Lorne were probably the most powerful families of the West. Alstair or Alexander of Argyll had married the third daughter of John, the red Comyn, and, after the tragic death of King Alexander III, was a stout supporter of the claims of his father-in-law to the throne of Scotland. The episode at the Church of the Minorites in Dumfries, when Robert the Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn, made the MacDougals most bitter enemies of the King. Again and again Alaistair of Argyll and his son, John of Lorne, came within a stroke of achieving their purpose and overthrowing and slaying the King. Shortly

after Bruce's first defeat at Methven, the little Royal army was wandering among the western mountains when, at Dalrigh near Tyndrum, it was suddenly attacked by John of Lorne with a powerful army and forced to retreat. John Barbour, the poetic historian of the Bruce, tells how three of the MacDougal clansmen made a special effort to capture the king while he was guarding the rear of his retreating company, as he passed through a narrow way between the river and the hill. One seized his bridle, but the king dealt him a blow that severed his shoulder and arm. Another thrust his hand between the king's foot and stirrup, hoping to drag him from the saddle, but the king feeling the hand there, stood firmly up and stuck his spur into the steed, so that it dashed forward and the man lost his footing. At that moment the third assailant leaped from the steep hillside upon the horse behind Bruce, and tried to garrotte the king. Bruce, however, bent suddenly forward, pitching this man over his head, and cleft his skull with his sword. Then he slew the man at his stirrup with a third stroke. Though he had slain his assailants, however, Bruce was not free for one of them held the king's plaid in his death grip, and it was only by undoing his brooch and letting go of the plaid that Bruce got rid of his burden. This brooch, known as the Brooch of Lorne, remains in possession of the MacDougals to the present day, and is the last tangible evidence of the ancient greatness of their house.

More than once afterward, John of Lorne came within reach of slaying or capturing the king. On one of those memorable occasions he pursued him with a bloodhound. Bruce endeavored to escape by dividing his forces again and again, but on each occasion the hound followed the party containing the king, and at last Bruce, left along with his foster-brother, seemed on the point of being taken, when he remembered the device of wading a bowshot down a running stream, thus throwing the hound off the scent, and so escaped.

But the king's turn came at last. After his return from Rachryn, his victory at Loudon Hill, and his taking of Perth, he made a special incursion into the west to avenge the hurt, hatred, and cruelty he had suffered from John of Lorne. The latter waited his coming in the steep, narrow defile between Loch Awe and Loch Etive known as the pass of Awe.

It was a difficult place, so narrow that two men could not ride abreast, with Ben Cruashan towering above and the river pools boiling below. Here Lorne made an ambush, but he was outgeneralled by the king. The latter sent the Duke of Douglas with Sir Alexander Fraser, William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Grey, higher along the hillside, and the battle had not long joined when a shower of arrows from this outflanking party above took MacDougal's forces in the rear. They were compelled to retreat, and, crossing the Bridge of Awe, were slain in great numbers at a spot still marked by their funeral cairns. Bruce then captured Dunstaffnage, the ancient Royal Scottish stronghold, which had been MacDougal's chief seat, and proceeded to lay the country waste; whereupon Alaistair of Argyll surrendered and was received into favor. But John of Lorne remained a rebel and, after Bannockburn, when Bruce sailed into the Western Isles, "none refused him obedience except only John of Lorne." Very soon afterward, however, he was captured and imprisoned, first at Dumbarton and afterward at Loch Leven Castle.

After the death of Bruce, strangely enough, he was restored to Liberty and estates, and married a granddaughter of the king. When war broke out again in the days of Bruce's son, and Edward Baliol overran the country, the MacDougals took the Baliol side. This was again the losing side and in consequence the MacDougals lost a large part of their estates, which from that time passed more and more into the hands of the Campbells.

Having helped, at the Bridge of Awe, to overthrow Bruce's enemies, the powerful Lords of Lorne and of Argyll, they proceeded piecemeal to supplant them and their kinsmen, the MacDonalds, and secure their lands. In some cases they compelled or induced the owners of these lands to assume the Campbell name. Thus the Campbells of Craignish, though stated to be descended from Dougall, an illegitimate son of a Campbell of the twelfth century, are universally understood to have born the name of MacEachern and to have been a branch of the MacDonalds.

In the reign of Bruce's son, David II, the next chief of the Campbells, Sir Nigel's son, again played an important part. It was during the time when the entire country was overrun by Edward Baliol and his English supporters. Robert, the young High Stewart, suddenly broke out of concealment in Bute, and stormed the strong castle of Dunoon. In this enterprise, which inspired the whole country to rise and throw off the yoke of the invader, the Stewart was splendidly helped by Colin Campbell of Lochow. As a reward the Campbell chief was made hereditary governor of the stronghold, with certain lands to support the dignity. The grant brought the Campbells into conflict with the Lamonts, who were owners of the surrounding Cowal district, and in course of time they supplanted them in considerable possessions—the kirk of Kilmun, for instance, where they first begged a burial place for a son whose body could not be carried through the deep snow to Inverary, and which remains the Argyll burying place to the present day; also Strath Echaig at hand, which was obtained from Robert III as a penalty for the sons of the Lamont chief beating off and slaying some young gallants from the court at Rothesay, who were trying to carry off a number of young women of Cowal.

Colin Campbell's grandson, another Sir Colin, further advanced the family by marrying a sister of Annabella Drummond, the queen of Robert III, and his

son, Sir Duncan, married, first a daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, son of Robert II, and Regent of Scotland, and secondly, a daughter of Sir Robert Stewart of Blackhall, a natural son of Robert III. He was one of the hostages for the redemption of James I from his English captivity in 1424, and at that time his annual income was stated to be fifteen hundred merks, a greater revenue than that of any of the other hostages. As a further sign of his importance, he was made by James I, Privy Councillor, the King's Justiciary, and Lieutenant of the county of Argyll, and by James II, in 1445, he was raised to the dignity of a Lord of Parliament by the title of Lord Campbell.

It was Lord Campbell's eldest son, Celestine, for whom a grave was begged from the Lamont chief at Kilmun. The second son died before his father, leaving a son, Colin, who succeeded as second Lord Campbell, and became first Earl of Argyll; while the third son obtained the lands of Glenurchy, formerly a possession of the MacGregors, and founded the great family of the Campbells of Glenurchy, Earls and Marquesses of Breadalbane.

Hitherto the seat of the Campbells of Loch Awe had been the stronghold of Inisconnel, which stands on the island of that name, amid the waters of the loch; but Glenurchy built for his nephew the first castle at Inverary, which continued to be the headquarters of the family for four centuries. At the same time, during his absence abroad, his wife is said to have built for him, on an islet in the northern part of Loch Awe, the strong castle of Kilchurn, which remains to the present day one of the most picturesque features of the Highlands. Thenceforth the history of the Campbells of Breadalbane forms a separate and highly interesting chapter by itself.

Meanwhile the younger sons of each generation had become the founders of other notable families. The second son of Cailean Mor, settling on Loch Tayside, had founded the family of Campbells of Lawers, after-

ward Earls of Loudon, while the fourth son had been made by Robert the Bruce, Constable of Dunstaffnage, a post held by his descendant to the present day. The fifth son, Duncan, is believed to have been the ancestor of the Campbells of Invenurie, from whom sprang the families of Kilmartin, Southall, Lerags, and others. The third son of Sir Nigel Campbell had founded the house of Menstric, near Stirling. The second son of Sir Colin, the hero of Dunoon, had become ancestor to the Campbells of Arkinglas and their branches, the houses of Ardentinny, Dunoon, Skipnish, Blywood, Shawfield, Derachie, and others. The younger sons of Sir Duncan, first Lord Campbell, became ancestors to the Campbells of Auchenbreck, Glen Saddell, Eileangreig, Armidale, and others.

Colin, second Lord Campbell, in view of his power and importance in the west, was made Earl of Argyll by James II in 1457. He was appointed Master of the Household of James III in 1464. He acted as ambassador to England and France, and was finally made Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. By his marriage also he made conquest of another great lordship. His wife was the daughter and co-heir of John Stewart, Lord of Lorne, and by a forced settlement with the Lady's uncle, Walter Stewart, he obtained in 1470 a charter to the lands and title of that lordship. Since that time the Galley of Lorne has by right of descent from the MacDougals of Lorne, figured in the Campbell coat of arms. The Earl's second son founded the house of Campbell of Lundie, while his seven daughters made alliances with some of the most powerful nobles and chiefs in the country.

Archibald, second earl of Argyll, was the leader of the vanguard of James IV's army at the disastrous battle of Flodden. At the head of the Highland clans and islemen he made the victorious rush which opened the battle, but as the clansmen scattered to seize their plunder, the English cavalry charged on their flank, the Earl fell, and they were cut to pieces. Most notable

of the families founded by his sons was that of Cawdor, who are Earls of Cawdor at the present time. As Justiciar of Scotland the Earl did a service to Rose of Kilravock, for which he received the custody of Kilravock's granddaughter, the infant Muriel, heiress of the thanedom of Cawdor. The messenger sent to bring the child south had to fight a battle with her seven Cawdor uncles. Some suspicion of Campbell methods seems to have been in the mind of the child's grandmother, old Lady Kilravock, for before handing her over to Campbell of Inverliver, she thrust the key to her coffer into the fire and branded her on the thigh. Afterward, when Inverliver was asked what he would think if the child that had cost him so much trouble should die, he is said to have replied, "Muriel of Cawdor never will die, so long as there is a red-haired lassie on the shores of Loch Awe." The Earl married Muriel to his third son, Sir John, who acquired Islay and played considerable part in the affairs of his time. He was stabbed in his bed in Edinburgh by MacLean of Duart, who had exposed his wife, Cawdor's sister, on a rock in Lock Linnhe, to be drowned by the tide. From the second Earl descended the families of Ardchattan, Airds, Cluny, and others, and from his brother Donald, Abbot of Cupar, Keeper of the Privy seal, came the Campbells of Keithock in Forfarshire.

Colin, third Earl of Argyll, was appointed, by James V, Master of the Household, Lieutenant of the Border, Warden of the Marches, Sheriff of Argyll, and Justice General of Scotland. His second son, John Gorm, who was killed in the battle of Langside, was ancestor of the families of Lochnell, Barbreck, Balerno, and Stonefield, and his daughter, Elizabeth, was the wife of the notorious Regent Earl of Moray, half-brother of Mary Queen of Scots.

Archibald, the fourth Earl, was appointed Justice General of Scotland by James V, and was the first person of importance in Scotland to embrace the Protestant faith. He commanded the Scottish right wing at

the battle of Pinkie in 1547. The fifth Earl, another Archibald, married a natural daughter of James V. His countess was the favorite half-sister of Queen Mary, was one of the Queen's supper party at Holyrood when Rizzio was murdered, and acted as proxy for Elizabeth of England at the baptism of James VI. She and the Earl entertained the Queen at Dunoon Castle, and the Earl was commander of Mary's army at the battle of Langside. On that occasion, whether by sickness or treachery at the critical moment, he caused the loss of the battle to the Queen. He was afterward appointed one of her lieutenants in Scotland, was a candidate for the regency, and became Lord High Chancellor.

His half-brother, Sir Colin Campbell of Boquhan, who succeeded as sixth Earl, was also appointed Lord High Chancellor in 1579. His son, Archibald, the seventh Earl, had a curious career. In 1594, at the age of eighteen, he was sent by James VI to repress the Roman Catholic Earls of Errol and Huntla, and at the battle of Glenlivat was completely defeated by them. He afterward engaged in suppressing an insurrection of the MacDonalds, with whom his family had been so long at enmity, and distinguished himself by repressive acts against those other neighbors, the MacGregors, whom his family had for so long been ousting, with the result that he nearly exterminated them. He is suspected of having instigated them to attack the Colquhouns, and after the battle of Glenfluin, it was he who secured the MacGregor chief by first fulfilling his promise to convey him safely out of the country and then, when he had crossed the border, arresting and bringing him back to Edinburgh to be tried and executed. In his later years he went to Spain, became a Roman Catholic, and took part in the wars of Philip II against the states of Holland.

His son, Archibald, the eighth Earl and first and last Marquess, for a time held supreme power in Scotland. Known as Gillespie Grumach, and as the Glied

or squinting Marquess, he was at the head of the Covenanting Party, and had had for his great rival and opponent the Royalist Marquess of Montrose. In 1633 he resigned into the hands of Charles I the whole Justiciarship of Scotland except that over his own lands, and in 1641 was raised to the rank of Marquess of Argyll by that king. Nevertheless he was the chief opponent of Charles I in the Civil War in Scotland. In the field he was no match for his brilliant opponent, Montrose. At Kilsmyth his army was completely defeated, and at Inverlochy, where he took his barge and watched the battle from a safe distance, he saw th Royalist General cut his army to pieces and slay fifteen hundred of his clan. Among his acts in the war was the burning of the "Bonnie House o' Airlie," the home of Montrose's follower, the chief of the Ogilvies, for which act Montrose marched across the hills and gave Argyll's own stronghold, Castle Campbell in the Ochils above Dollar, to the flames. When Montrose was at last defeated in Philiphaugh, the captured Royalists were slain in cold blood in the courtyard of Newark Castle and elsewhere, and when Montrose was himself captured later, Argyll watched from a balcony in the Canongate as his enemy was led in rags up the street to his trial and execution. Then Argyll sent the army of the Covenant to destroy those old enemies of his family, the MacDonalds of Kintyre, and the MacDougals of Dunolly, slaughtering the three hundred men of the garrison at Dunavertie and burning the strongholds of Dunolly and Gylen, while in Cowal he plundered the lands of the Lamonts and had over two hundred of the clan butchered at Dunoon. When the young Charles II came to Scotland in 1651, Argyll himself placed the crown on his head, and is said to have planned to get Charles to marry his own daughter, Anne. But after Cromwell's victory at Dunbar, he assisted in proclaiming him as protector, and engaged to support him. It could be no marvel, therefore, that at the restoration in 1660 Charles II resisted

his advances, and that he was presently seized at Carrick Castle on Loch Goil, carried to Edinburgh, and tried and beheaded for his acts.

James Campbell, a younger half-brother of the Marquess, was created Earl of Irvine in 1642, but as he had no family the peerage expired with him.

The Marquess' son, Archibald, was restored to the earldom and estates in 1663, but in 1681, having refused to conform to the Test Act, he was condemned and confined in Edinburgh Castle. He made a romantic escape, disguised as a page holding up the train of his stepdaughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay. But four years later, in concert with Monmouth's invasion of England, he landed on Loch Fyne, raised a force, and was marching upon Glasgow when, his force having dispersed, he was seized, disguised, at Inchinnin in Renfrewshire, and carried to execution at Edinburgh. A famous picture of the occasion commemorates "the last sleep of Argyll."

Of the Earl's four sons the second, John Campbell of Mamore, was forfeited for taking part in his father's expedition, but had his forfeiture rescinded at the Revolution in 1689, and represented Argyll in the Scottish Parliament in 1700, and Dumbarton in the first Parliament of the United Kingdom. The third son, Charles, forfeited and reinstated in the same way, represented Campbelltown in the Parliament of 1700. He married Lady Sophia Lindsey, the stepdaughter who had helped his father to escape from his imprisonment in Edinburgh in Edinburgh Castle. The fourth son, James, of Burnbank and Boquhan, in 1690 forcibly carried off Mary Wharton, an heiress of thirteen, and married her. The marriage was annulled by Act of Parliament, and one of Campbell's accomplices, Sir John Johnson, Bart., of Caskieben, was executed at Tyburn, but the chief perpetrator escaped to Scotland, to become a colonel of dragoons and represent Campbelltown in Parliament. He afterwards

married the Hon. Margaret Leslie, daughter of Lord Newark.

Meanwhile the eldest son, Archibald, was one of the commissioners sent to offer the crown to William of Orange. Attainder against his father was reversed at the Revolution, and he was, by King William, created Duke of Argyll, with the remainder to his heirs, male whatsoever. He raised a Highland Regiment, which distinguished itself in King William's continental wars.

His son, John, the second Duke, was one of the greatest men of his time. A rival of Marlborough in the continental wars of Queen Anne, he commanded George I's army at the battle of Shriffmuir in 1715, and through his energy and ability preserved Scotland for the King. In 1719 he was made Duke of Greenwich, and in 1735 Field Marshal commanding all the forces of the kingdom. A great statesman as well as a soldier, he is referred to by Pope as:

> "Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field."

And it is he who figures in Sir Walter Scott's "HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN," as the minister to whom Jeanie Deals appeals to secure the pardon of her erring sister, Effie. Among his honors, he was a Knight of the Garter and a Knight of the Thistle, and his monument remains in Westminster Abbey.

As the Duke had no son, his British titles died with him, and he was succeeded in the Scottish honors by his brother, Archibald, Earl of Islay. The third Duke had served under Marlborough and studied law at Utrecht. He became Lord High Treasurer of Scotland in 1705 and promoted the union with England. He was made Lord Justice General in 1710, and Lord Register in 1714. He raised Argyllshire for George I and fought under his brother at Shriffmuir. He became Walpole's chief advisor in Scotland, and keeper successively of the privy seal and the great seal. For

a long time he was the greatest man in Scottish affairs, and it was he who rebuilt Inverary Castle on its present site. In his time the strength of the clan was estimated at 5,000 fighting men and it sent a contingent to fight against Prince Charles Edward at Culloden.

After him the dukedom went to his cousin, John Campbell of Mamore, son of the second son of the ninth earl. His second son was killed at the battle of Langfeldt in 1747 and his third son became Lord Clerk Register of Scotland. His eldest son, John, the fifth duke, married Elizabeth Gunning, widow of the sixth Duke of Hamilton, one of the three sisters who were celebrated beauties at the court of George III. She was the wife of two dukes, and the mother of four, and was created Baroness Hamilton in her own right in 1776. Her second and third sons by the Duke of Argyll became successively sixth and seventh Dukes. The latter was a friend of Madame de Stael, who pictured him as Lord Nevil in her famous novel "CORINNE." His son, George, the eighth duke, was the distinguished statesman, orator, scholar, and author of Queen Victoria's time. Three times married and three times Lord Privy Seal, he also filled the offices of Postmaster General, Secretary for India, Chancellor of St. Andrews University, and Trustee of the British Museum. Among his honors he was K. G., K. T., P. C., D. C. L., L. L. D., and F. R. S., and among his writings were valuable works on science, religion and politics. He bequeathed Iona Cathedral to the Church of England. He and his eldest son, John, the ninth duke, inherited much of the personal beauty of their ancestor, Elizabeth Gunning, and when the latter, in 1871, married H. R. H. the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, the pair were distinguished for their fine looks as well as for their high rank. For ten years, as Marquess of Lorne, he represented Argyllshire in the House of Commons, and for a term he was Governor-General of Canada. He held many honors and was the author of some interesting literary works.

The present Duke, Niall Diarmid, is the son of his next brother. His grace is deeply interested in Highland affairs, and faithful to all the traditions of a Highland chief.

Apart from main members of the main Campbell line, members of the race have been famous in many arenas. Thomas Campbell, the poet, was of the Kilmartin family. A Campbell of Stonefield and a Campbell of Succoth have been Presidents of the Court of Session. The army, the navy, politics, the church, and probably most other spheres of national service and distinction, have derived luster from members of this great clan, and around the world there is no name better known than that of the sons of Diarmid of the Boar.

The Rise of the Campbells

THE RISE of the family began with a fortunate marriage in the twelfth century. With the hand of Eva, daughter of the O'Duibhne chief, Gillespie Campbell acquired the lordship of Loch Awe, and brought into his family the blood of the Ossianic hero, Diarmid, of eight centuries earlier. In 1280 Colin Campbell, the chief of the name, was knighted by Alexander III. He was the "Great" Colin from whom the chiefs of the later times have taken the name of "MacCailein Mor." He fell in conflict with the MacDougals on the Straig of Lorne, and his body lies in the little kirkyard of Kilchrennan, above Loch Awe. His eldest son was that Sir Nigel, or Neil Campbell, who joined Robert the Bruce at the beginning of his great struggle and was rewarded with the hand of the king's sister, and the forfeited lands of the Earl of Atholl. His eldest son, again, the second Sir Colin Campbell of Loch Awe, helped the High Steward of Scotland, afterwards King Robert II, to recover the Castle of Dunoon from the adherents of Edward Baliol, the first stroke in the over-

throw of that adventurer, and in consequence was made hereditary governor of that royal stronghold.

His grandson, still another Sir Colin, married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall, and sister of Annabella, Queen of Robert III and, partly through this royal connection his eldest son, Duncan, was made, first, Lord Lieutenant of Argyll by his cousin James I, and in 1445 was raised to the peerage as Lord Campbell by James II. He linked his family still more closely to the royal house by marrying Lady Marjorie Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, and granddaughter of King Robert II. On the death of his eldest son, Celestine, at school, he begged a burying place at Kilmun from the Lamont chief because the snows were too deep for the body to be carried to Loch Awe; and from that time to this Kilmun has been the burying place of the Campbell chiefs.

While the main stem of the family was carried on by Lord Campbell's second son, Colin, who became First Earl of Argyll in 1457, it was his third son, another Sir Colin, who founded the greatest of all the branches of the Campbells, that of Glenurchy and Glenfalloch, the head of which is now Earl of Breadalbane. So well had the heads of the house improved their fortunes that Lord Campbell was probably the richest noble in Scotland. When he became one of the hostages for the redemption of James I in 1424, his annual revenue was stated to be fifteen hundred merks. He was well able, therefore, to endow his third son with the lands of Glenurchy and Glenfallen in 1432.

Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy was one of the ablest men of his time. As guardian of his nephew, afterwards Earl of Argyll, he built for him the castle of Inverary, and married him to the eldest daughter and co-heir of John Stewart, Lord of Lorne. He himself had married, first, Mariot, daughter of Sir William Stewart, eldest son of Murdock, Duke of Albany, the grandson of Robert II, and on her death he married Margaret, the second daughter of the Lord of Lorne.

By these marriages uncle and nephew not only acquired between them the great estates of the Stewart Lords of Lorne, but also placed upon their shields the famous lymphad, or galley, which betokened descent from the famous Somerled, Lord of the Isles.

Sir Colin was born about the year 1400, was a famous warrior, fought in Palestine, and was made a Knight of Rhodes. The tradition runs that while he was away his wife built for him the castle of Kilchurn on the peninsula at the end of Loch Awe. He was so long absent that it was said he was dead, and the lady, like Penelope in the classic tale, was besieged by suitors. After long delays, a neighboring baron, MacCorquodale, it is said, forced her to a marriage. While the marriage feast was going on, a beggar came to the door. He refused to drink the health of the bride unless she herself handed him the cup. This she did, and as the beggar drank and returned the cup she gave a cry, for in the bottom lay Sir Colin's signet ring. The beggar was Sir Colin himself, returned just in time to rescue his wife.

After the assassination of James I at Perth, Glenurchy captured one of the assassins, Thomas Chalmer of Lawers, on Loch Tayside, and as a reward he received a grant of the murderer's forfeited estate. His son and successor, Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, further added to the importance of his family by acquiring the estates of Glenlyon, Finlarig, and others on Loch Tayside. When he married Margaret, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Angus, in 1479, he obtained with her a dowry of six hundred merks, and he fell with James IV at Flodden in 1513.

His eldest son and successor, again Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, married Marjorie Stewart, daughter of John, Earl of Atholl, half brother of James II, her mother being Margaret Douglas, that fair maid of Galloway, who, as heiress of her ancient house, played such a romantic part in the story of her time.

Sir Colin, the youngest of the three sons who succeeded him, sat in the Scottish Parliament of 1560 and played an active part in furthering the Reformation. Until his time the lands of Breadalbane had belonged to the Carthusien Monastery at Perth, founded by James I. Sir Colin first obtained a tack of these lands, and afterwards had them converted into a feu holding. He was a great builder of houses, and besides a noble lodging in Perth, erected Edinample on Loch Earn, and in 1580 founded at the eastern end of Loch Tay the splendid family seat of Balloch, now known as Taymouth Castle. The site of this stronghold is said to have been settled in a curious way, Sir Colin being instructed in a dream to found his castle on the spot where he should first hear the blackbird sing on making his way down the strath. According to the family history written in 1598, he also added the corner turrets to Kilchurn Castle. Kilchurn and much of the other Breadalbane territory had once been possessed by Clan Gregor, but when feudal tenures came in, the chiefs of that clan had scorned to hold their land by what they termed "skeepskin rights." and elected to continue to hold them by the ancient "ceir a Glaive," or right of the sword. As a result, when disputes arose they had no documents to show; the effort to vindicate their claims by the power of the sword got them into trouble; and the Campbells and other neighbors easily procured against them powers of reprisal which in the end led to conquest and transference of most of the MacGregor territory. Sir Walter Scott put the plight and feelings of the clansmen in his famous lament:

"Glenurchy's proud mountain, Kilchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach"

Accordingly we find in the Breadalbane family history that Sir Colin "was ane greate Justiciar all his tyme, throch the quhilk he sustenit that deidly feid of the Clan Gregor ane lang space. And besydes that, he

causit axcute to the mony notable lymmars, and beheided the Laird of MacGregor himself at Keanmore, in presence of the Earl of Atholl, the Justice Clerk, and sundrie uther nobilmen."

Sir Duncan Campbell, the eldest son and successor of this redoubtable chief, is remembered in popular tradition by the names of "Black Duncan," or "Duncan with the Cowl." Like his father he added greatly to his family possessions by acquiring feus of the church lands which were then extensively in the market as a result of the Reformation. At the same time he was perhaps the most enlightened landowner of his age. At any rate he was the first of the Highland lairds to turn attention to rural improvements. Among other matters he was a great planter of trees, and compelled his tenants to plant them. Many of the noble trees which still surround his stronghold of Finlarig, at the eastern end of Loch Tay, were no doubt of his planting. Like his father, also, he was a notable builder of strongholds, and besides Taymouth, Edinample, and Strathfillan, he possessed Finlarig, Loch Dochart, Achelader, and Barcaldine. From this partiality he obtained the further sobriquet of "Duncan of the Castles." When he began to build Finlarig someone is said to have asked why he was placing it at the edge of his property, and he is said to have replied, in the characteristic Campbell fashion, that he meant to "birse yont." He was knighted by James I in 1590; was made heritable keeper of the forest of Mamlorn in 1617, and afterwards Sheriff of Perth for life. Finally, when the order of Baronets of Nova Scotia began to be created in 1625, he was one of the first to have the dignity conferred on him. His first wife was Jean, daughter of John Stewart, Earl of Atholl, Chancellor of Scotland, and a few years ago the effigies of the pair were discovered on the under side of two stones which for centuries had been used as a footbridge across a ditch at Finlarig. At Finlarig are also to be seen the gallows tree and the fatal pit in the courtyard, to which prisoners came from

the Castle dungeon by an underground passage, to be gazed at by the laird's retainers before placing their heads in the hollow at the side, still to be seen, to be lopped off by the executioner. The beheading axe of these terrible occasions was, until 1922, preserved among other interesting relics at Taymouth Castle. Since 1508 the chapel at Finlarig has been the burying place of the chiefs of the house.

Black Duncan's oldest son and successor, Sir Colin, was a patron of the fine arts, and encouraged the painter Jameson, the "Scottish Van Dyck." His brother, Robert, who succeeded him as third Baronet, and was provisionally known as "of Glenfalloch," represented Argyllshire in the Scottish Parliaments of 1643, 1646, and 1647, the periods of the civil wars of Charles I and the exploits of Marquesse of Montrose.

This chief, the third baronet of Glenurchy, had by his two wives a family of no fewer than fifteen, of whom more anon. Meanwhile his eldest son's son, Sir John Campbell, fifth baronet of Glenurchy, was to make history in more ways than one, both for his family and for the country. From his swarthy complexion he was known as Ian Glas. He was a clever and unscrupulous politician, and it was said that he was "cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel." By his first wife, the Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the first Earl of Holland, beheaded in 1649, he received a dowry of £10,000, and it is said that after the marriage in 1657 he conveyed her from London to the Highlands in simple fashion, the lady riding behind her lord on a pillion, while her marriage portion, which he made sure was paid in coin, was carried on the back of a strong gelding, guarded on each side by a sturdy, well-armed Highlander. It was probably the money that helped him to one of the most noble actions of his career. At any rate, it appears that among other investments he lent large sums of money to George, sixth Earl of Caithness. The Sinclairs have stories to tell, which may or may not be true, as to the questionable

methods by which these burdens of the Earl of Caithness were increased. One is that Charles II obtained the Earl's security for large sums, and then pledged it with Glenurchy. In any case, in 1572 the Earl of Caithness found his debts overwhelming and, being pressed by Glenurchy as his chief creditor, conveyed to him in wadset the whole property and titles of the Earldom, the possession of which was to become absolute if not redeemed within six years.

The redemption did not take place, and on the death of the Earl, Glenurchy procured from the king in 1677, in right of his wadset, a new charter to the lands and title of Earl of Caithness. The heir to the Earldom also claimed the title and estates, and Glenurchy proceeded under legal sanction to enforce his rights by strength of arms. For this purpose he sent his kinsman, Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, with a strong body of men, into the north. The Sinclairs also gathered an armed force, and the two parties came face to face with a stream between them. Glenlyon is said by the Sinclairs to have used the strategy of sending a convoy of "strong waters" where he knew it would be captured by the Sinclairs, and at night, when the latter had enjoyed themselves not wisely but too well, the Campbells marched across the stream and utterly routed them. It was on this occasion that the Campbell piper composed the famous pibroch of the clan "Bodach Na Briogais" (The Lad of the Breeches), in ridicule of the Sinclairs, who wore that garment, and it is the event which is commemorated in the famous song, "The Campbells are Coming." In the end, however, by the legitimate heir, George Sinclair of Keiss, the Campbells were driven out of the country, and Charles II being at length persuaded of the injustice of his action, induced Glenurchy to drop the Caithness title, and compensated him in 1681 by creating him Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, with a number of minor dignities. Cunning as ever, Glenurchy procured the right to leave his titles to which-

ever of his sons by his first wife he should think proper to designate, and in the end, as a matter of fact, he passed over the elder of the two, Duncan, Lord Ormelie, who eventually died unmarried ten years after his father.

Glenurchy's first wife died in 1666, and twelve years later Glenurchy, probably by way of strengthening his claim to the Caithness title, married Mary, Countess Dowager of Caithness. This lady was the third daughter of the notorious Archibald, Marquess of Argyll, who, strangely enough, like the father of Glenurchy's first wife, had been beheaded after the Restoration.

Possibly Breadalbane was inspired by his father-in-law's example to adopt sinister methods. At any rate we know that he was the chief mover in the transaction known in history as the Massacre of Glencoe. In this transaction he showed his usual cunning. Glencoe appeared a desirable addition to the estate. So also did Glenlyon. He had left Campbell of Glenlyon to bear the expense of the Caithness expedition, and he now took advantage of Glenlyon's impecuniosity to induce him to act as his cat's paw in the affair of Glencoe. In that affair Glenlyon had also a personal revenge to satisfy, for the battle of Killiekrankie, had raided and thoroughly destroyed his lands. At any rate it was Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, with a company of Campbells, who carried out the notorious massacre. What his feelings toward his chief may have been at a later day we do not know, when upon riding into Edinburgh to redeem a wadset on his lands of Glenlyon. Only in the nick of time he encountered his kinsman and chief in the act of closing the wadset and ousting him from his heritage. Such a person was Ian Glas, first Earl of Breadalbane and Holland. The wily old chief lived until 1717. Two years before his death he sent five hundred of his followers to join the Jacobite rising of the Earl of Mar, but escaped without serious consequences for the act.

Curiously enough, as a result of the massacre Highland superstition has associated a curse with the house both of the prime mover, Breadalbane, and with that of his agent, Glenlyon. Sir Walter Scott tells the story of how at a later day a Campbell of Glenlyon was the officer in command of a firing party entrusted with the carrying out of the death sentence of a court martial. The intention was to reprieve the culprit, but the reprieve was not to be made known to the latter until the very moment of execution. Glenlyon had arranged that the signal to fire should be his drawing his white handkerchief from his pocket. When all was ready, and the firing party was in position, he put his hand into his pocket to produce the reprieve. Unfortunately his handkerchief came with it. This was taken by the soldiers as the appointed signal, the muskets rang out, and the prisoner fell. At that, Glenlyon is said to have struck his forehead with his hand, exclaiming, "I am an unfortunate, ruined man; the curse of God and Glenlyon is here," and forthwith to have retired from the service.

The second Earl of Breadalbane was Lord Lieutenant of Perthshire and a representative peer. In his time occurred the Jacobite uprising of 1745, when it was reckoned that the Earl could put a thousand men in the field. The third Earl was a Lord of the Admiralty and an ambassador to the Danish and Prussian courts. By his third wife the Earl had a son, John, Lord Glenurchy, who died before him, childless, in 1771. His Willielma, daughter and co-heir of William Maxwell of Preston, was the famous lady of Glenurchy whose peculiar religious views induced her to found chapels for her followers in Edinburgh, Carlisle, Matlock and Strathfillan.

On the death of the third Earl himself in 1782, the male line of the notorious Ian Glas became extinct. The patent, however, included heirs male general, and the peerage accordingly went to a grandson of Colin of Mochaster, third son of Sir Robert Campbell, third

baronet of Glenurchy. This grandson, John Campbell, succeeded as the fourth Earl of Breadalbane. He was Major-General and a representative peer, and was made Marquess of Breadalbane and Earl of Ormelie in 1806. His only son, John, was, according to Peter Drummond of Perth (Perthshire in bygone days), the hero of a curious romance. While a student at Glasgow University he fell in love with Miss Logan, daughter of Walter Logan of Fingalton, near Airdrie, and partner in the firm of Logan and Adamson, who lived in West George Street, the ground floor of the house now occupied by Messrs. Paterson's music warehouse. The young lady was a great toast and strikingly handsome. Every time she entered the Theatre Royal in Queen Street it is said the audience rose to a man and cheered wildly. Alas, however, the match was considered unsuitable and was broken off, and the lady died unmarried in 1856.

Lord John, meanwhile, was succeeded as second Marquess and fifth Earl on the death of his father in 1834, and became a Knight of the Thistle, a Knight of the Black Eagle of Prussia, Lord Lieutenant of Argyllshire, and President of the then Royal Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In his time Queen Victoria paid her famous first visit to Scotland, and on that occasion was entertained at Taymouth with the most splendid hospitality. With hunting and Highland games by day and feasting and balls at night, the royal entertainment was "more like the dreams of romance than reality."

The Marquess died, without issue, at Lausanne in 1862, when there ensued one of the most famous peerage cases on record. The Earldom was claimed by John Alexander Gavin Campbell of Glenfalloch, as the great-great-grandson of William, fifth son of Sir Robert Campbell, third baronet of Glenurchy. There was, however, a question as to his legitimacy. His grandfather, it appeared, a younger son of the Glenfalloch of his time, had, while an officer in the army, run away

with the wife of an apothecary at Bath and, though the apothecary presently died, it was questioned whether a union so begun could afterwards be accepted as legitimate by a Scottish marriage and so legitimize the offspring of the union. Glenfalloch's claim to the Earldom was accordingly disputed by the representatives of his younger brother, Campbell of Borland. In the end, however, it was shown that the gay young officer and the lady of Bath had been received at Glenfalloch by the young officer's father and mother, who were strict in their religious views, and unlikely to have countenanced the lady unless they regarded her as really their son's wife. The House of Lords accordingly decided in favor of Glenfalloch's claim, and he became sixth Earl of Breadalbane. His eldest son, the late head of the house, who succeeded him in 1871, held several high positions in the royal household. He was a Lord-in-waiting from 1873 to 1874, Treasurer of the Household 1892-95, also A. D. C. to the King and Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1893-94-95. He was created Baron Breadalbane in the Peerage of the United Kingdom in 1873, and advanced to the Earldom of Ormelie and Marquesseate of Breadalbane in 1885. He was also a Knight of the Garter and a Privy Councillor, and was Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland from 1907. He married, in 1872, Lady Alma Graham, the youngest daughter of the Fourth Duke of Montrose. In 1921 when, in the stringency after the great war, many of the great landowners of Scotland parted with their estates, he disposed of Taymouth Castle, the town of Aberfeldy, and the lands at the lower end of Loch Tay.

On the Marquesse's death in May, 1922, he was succeeded to the Earldom and older titles by his nephew, Ian E. H. Campbell, but that nephew himself died in May, 1923. At his death it was discovered that he had been married for seven years Should he have no son the titles and estates will devolve upon the

former competitor's son, Charles W. Campbell of Borland.

CADET BRANCHES OR ÇEPTS OF CLAN CAMPBELL

Bannatyne	Burns
Denoon	Cadell
Loudon	Connochie
Mac Dermid	Denune
Mac Gibbon	Mac Connochie
Mac Isaac	Mac Diarmid
Mac Ivor	Mac Glosrich
Mac Kessock	Mac Kellar
Mac Nichol	Mac Kissoch
Mac Owen	Mac Oran
Mac Tavish	Mac Kause
Mac Ure	Mac Thomas
Thomas	Tawesson
Thompson	Thomason

And perhaps some others not listed in references.

CHAPTER IV

Origins and Data

Badge: Garbhag an t-steibhe; Lycapodium Selago; fir club moss.

Slogan: Cruachan (A height of land in their domain).

Pibroch: Failte Mharacuis, also Inaraora, and Cumbra Mharacuis.

Motto: We fear no foe.

Plaid: Plaid of three shades of moss green, dark, medium, and light. Bars of medium green bordered by narrow stripe of yellow on dark green background; intersections of bars, light green.

By some queer twist of human nature an incident to be of interest must be very close or very far away,

and, strange as it may seem, due to the idiomatic nature of the English language, this is both.

IN THE FOURTH CENTURY

Behind Torrisdale in Kintyre rises a hill or small mountain named Ben On Tuire, meaning "Hill of the Boar." It derives its name from a famous incident in Celtic legend. There, according to tradition, Diarmid O-Duibhne, one of the Ossianic heroes, slew the fierce boar that had long ravished the district. A rival for his lady's love induced him to measure the hide with his bare feet. One of the boar's bristles, which were said to have been poisonous, pricked him, and as a result he died. (Believe it or not.)

Diarmid is said to have been the ancestor of the race of O'Duibhne, who owned the shores of Loch Awe, which were the Oire Gaidheal, Argyll, "Land of the Gaul." This tradition is supported by a Charter of David II in 1368, in which is secured to Archibald Campbell of that date certain lands on Loch Awe "as freely as these were enjoyed by his ancestor, Duncan O-Duibhne."

The race is said to have ended in the reign of Alexander III, in an heiress, Eva, daughter of Paul Duibhne, otherwise known as "Paul of the Sporan," so-called because as the King's treasurer, he was supposed to carry the money bag. Eva married a certain Archibald or Gillespie Campbell to whom she carried the fortune and possessions of her house.

Who this Archibald Campbell was remains in doubt. By some he is said to have been a Norman Knight by the name of De Campo Bello. The name is not Norman but Italian, and it is not reasonable to suppose than an Italian ever made his way into the Highlands at such a time and established himself as a Highland chief; and the theory is too obviously one of the common and easy, and nearly always wrong derivations of a name by merely similarity of sound. Much more probable seems a derivation from the personal

characteristics in the Gaelic fashion. In this case the derivation would be from "Cam Buel," crooked mouth, in the same manner that Cameron is derived from "Cam Sron," meaning crooked nose.

For a century and a half the MacArthurs of Strachur appear to have been regarded as the senior branch of the clan. Certainly they were the most powerful. Their claim may have been derived through marriage with a co-heiress of the O-Duibhne clan. But with the execution of the MacArthur chief by James I at Inverness in 1427 the Campbells were left as the chief family of the House of Diarmid. No historical data was found to show cause for the execution but his demise seems to have been sure and final.

Colin Mor Campbell was knighted in 1380 and from him to the present the succeeding chiefs have been called Mac Cailean Mor (Colin the Great). Sir Colin married a Sinclair by whom there were five sons. Sir Nigel the eldest, swore fealty to Edward I, but afterwards joined Robert the Bruce and fought by his side in the struggle for independence from England in nearly every encounter from the defeat at Newton to the final victory at Bannockburn. After this he married Lady Mary Bruce, sister to Robert the Bruce, whom he won, as was the custom of the day, for his fealty and loyalty to the Monarch and Crown. By this union there were two sons, John and Dugal.

During these early and subsequent turbulent times when the chief aim in life seems to have been the most expeditious and efficient manner of exterminating one's next door neighbor, direct lineage seems lost. Tradition concedes to Sir Neil Campbell and Lady Mary parentage of the long line of Campbells, and accepts Inisconnel in Loch Awe as the cradle of the Campbell Clan. The recurrent name of John in the family, coupled with the old Scottish custom of naming an offspring for an ancestor gives rise to the plausible supposition that the direct line of lineage may be drawn one step further in naming the second son, John,

as a direct ancestor. This is a personal theory, however, which is unsupported historically, and is offered for what it is worth rather than for its veracity.

To follow the Campbells through a maze of intrigue, adventure, and internal strife would fill many volumes, too gigantic an undertaking to be even considered here. Let me state (and not without a small touch of pride) that those whose prominence merited historic mention through force of arms, vivacity of imagination, or vigor of mind, have, one and all, given a good account of themselves, whether on the battlefield, gun deck, in the pulpit, or in the House of Lords. For many generations the Campbells held the office of High Sheriff to the long line of monarchs of the House of Stuart. In all walks of life they have acquitted their duties, if not with valor, at least with honor.

1694

"THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND" by Macaulay, says: "The author has caught a few glimpses of Highland scenery and speaks of it much as Burt spoke in the following generation: 'It is a part of the creation left undressed; rubbish thrown aside when the magnificent fabric of the world was created; as void of form as the natives were independent of good manners'."

John, Earl of Breadalbane, the head of a young branch of the great house of Campbells, ranked high among the petty princes of the mountains. He could bring 1700 claymores into the field; and, ten years before the Revolution he had actually marched into the low lands with his great force for the purpose of supporting the tyranny.

MacIvan, now fully sensible to the folly of which he had been guilty in postponing to the very last moment an act on which his life and his estate depended, set off for Inverary (Mona) in great distress. He carried with him a letter from Hill to the Sheriff of Argyllshire, Sir Colin Campbell of Arkinglas, a respect-

able gentleman, who, in the late reign, had suffered severely for his Whig principles.

The people of Glencoe would probably have been less troublesome neighbors, if they had lived among their own kind, but they were an outpost of the Clan MacDonald separated from every other branch of their own family, and almost surrounded by the domains of the hostile race of Diarmid (the real truth is that they were a branch of the MacDonalds who were brave, courageous people, always seated among the Campbells who were all Papists, if they have any religion, they were always counted a people given to soreness—several governments desired to bring them to justice but their country was inaccessible to small parties. They were impelled by hereditary enemies as well as by want, to live at the expense of the tribe of Campbells.

If the commissioner found any that was not strictly honest he would either put him in prison or ship him off to Flanders. The entries and Hills letters overcame Sir Colin's scruples, the officers who reported being Hill, Campbell, Arkinglas and Mac Ivan's two sons.

It is much less strange that the two great Earls of the House of Campbell aimed to have a Highland revenge.

Perhaps no Highland family has been so prolific in Cadet branches as the Clan Campbell. At the earliest date at which authentic history dawns upon the race they are found multiplying and establishing new branches throughout the land. At the present hour scions of the name hold the Earldoms of Cawdor and Loudon, as well as the Baronies of Blywood and Strathenden, and no fewer than seven separate Baronetcies.

The steps in the growth of this great house are in every generation full of interest, and involve in their narration, no small part in the romance of Scottish history. Colin the Great, himself, lies buried in the

little kirkyard of Kilchrenan above the western shore of Loch Awe, where his descendant, a recent Duke of Argyll, placed over his resting place a stone bearing the inscription: "To the memory of Cailean Mor, slain on the Straing of Lorne 13—". High on the ridge opposite, on the eastern side of the Loch, a cairn marks the spot at which that doughty warrior, in the hour of victory, pursuing his enemy, MacDougal of Lorne, too far, was overcome and slain.

It was the son of this chief, Nigel or Neil Campbell, who, espousing the cause of Robert the Bruce, brought his family on the platform of the great affairs of Scottish history. He befriended the King in his early wanderings, accompanied him in his winter's exile on Rachryn Island, fought for him at Bannockburn, and as a reward received in marriage Bruce's sister, the Princess Mary or Marjorie, while the forfeited lands of David de Strathbogie, Earl of Atholl, were settled on their second son. From that hour the fortunes of the Campbells received hardly a check.

To the generalship of Niel Campbell is also accredited the crushing victory at Bannockburn.

1698

Much depended on the choice of agent and unfortunately the choice showed how little the prejudice of the wild tribe of the Hills was understood at Edinburgh. A Campbell was selected for the office, gaining over the cause of King William, men whose only quarrel with King William was that he countenanced the Campbells. The Mac Donalds left him because they wanted to plunder the Campbells.

It had been expected that the Campbells would take the field in such force as would balance the whole strength of the clan which marched under Dundee. A far more formidable array had in olden times followed his forefathers to battle, but the power, though not

the spirit of the clan, had been broken by the arts and arms of the Campbells. Little was to be apprehended even from those Popish clans which were under no apprehension of being subject to the yoke of the Campbells.

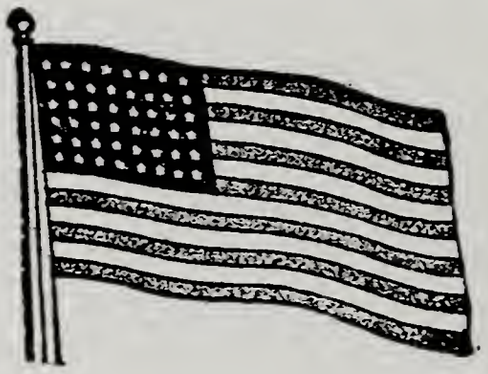
A commissioner from King James, even then, had never been regarded with much respect by the Call of the Cows. Their chief, however, hated the Campbells with all the hatred of a Mac Donald and promptly gave in his adhesion to the cause of the House of Stuart. But the ascendancy of the Mac Donald clan had, like the ascendancy of the House of Austria, passed away; and the children of Diarmid had become in the Highlands what the Bourbons had become in Europe. The parallel might be carried far, imputations similar to those which it was the fashion to throw on the French government, being thrown on the Campbells.

At length the number of fighting men who bore the name of Campbell was sufficient to meet in the field of battle a combined force of all the other Western clans. It was during these civil troubles, which commenced in 1638, that the power of this aspiring family reached its zenith.

THE NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with quivering lip,
The lesson was done.
"Have you a new leaf for me, dear Teacher?
I have spoiled this one!"
I took his leaf, all soiled and blotted
And gave him a new one, all unspotted,
Then into his tired heart I smiled:
"Do better now, my Child!"

I went to the throne, with trembling heart.
The year was done.
"Have you a New Year for me, dear Master?
I have spoiled this one!"
He took my year, all soiled and blotted
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
Then into my tired heart He smiled:
"Do better now, my Child!"



CHAPTER V

The Campbells Who Came

Into the tall and wet grass drear,
Then, only then, art thou pioneer,
And Mr. First must have all the woes,
That Mr. Second may find repose.

In retracing the family history it has only been possible to return to my great-great-grandfather, John Campbell, with positive authentication. He was born in 1765 and was still alive in 1861, then at the ripe old age of 96. Of what parentage he came has not been definitely established. He was a weaver by trade, and if I may say it, a good one, too. There is in my possession, as I write this, many samples of his handiwork, both woolen and linen, hand-carded, hand-spun, hand-woven, which for evenness of spinning or smoothness of weaving—either warp or woof—are better than can be had today with a century of progress behind its making.

He was a cripple, unable to walk, owing to the loss of his feet caused by injuries he received when a lad of about nine years of age, during a feast at the Palace. This "Palace," as it was known, as far as I can deduct from the fragmentary data at my command, was the historic Parish of Anchterderran. Whether this Parish of Anchterderran and Auchenbreck are one and the same I do not know but I believe that they are. But to return to the subject. During the festivities, one of the cooks, in drawing the crane from the fireplace to stir the soup, in some manner detached the huge kettle. In falling, the pot overturned and the youthful John Campbell, seeing the danger to some younger than himself in front of the open fire, sprang to the rescue and received the full tide of scalding broth. For this unselfish act of bravery he was taken as one of the family and, as far as I know, lived there throughout his life. No one seems to know what became of the cook, but can only conjecture.

The Palace was a ponderous stone building containing 100 rooms and it is there that he had his looms and did his weaving, while in later years his wife kept a provision shop. Here my mother was born and lived for many years before their coming to America. She remembered him very well.

When the Campbells learned of the passage of the Homestead Act in America, the decision was made to cast their lot with the new country. But the United States was then in the throes of civil strife and they must needs wait for more than two years until the end of the war made it safe for them to come. America, that magical name, that land of promise, where they who would might go and find a welcome, where they who would but dare might, from the fertile miles by the wayside reap fame and fortune. But they who came, yearned not for these, only peace and a home.

Great-great-grandfather's death seems to have occurred about this time as nothing subsequent can be learned of him, so he is eliminated from the picture.

To the immigrant Campbells, America was a land of marvels. New sights met their eyes on every side and their actual experiences must have rivaled those of Alice in Wonderland, except that they had not as happy an ending. Its strangeness and their natural wonder may well be understood when it is known that in all of mother's life she had seen but three grains of corn and these were brought to school by the baker's boy as a curiosity to show the strange grain that was grown and eaten in America. Many were their speculations as to the appearance of the plant on which it grew, and how it was harvested.

And, too, mother had seen but one hog in all her life. This also was so much of a rare sight that she had walked seven miles for the privilege. On the overland journey the slow train once stopped by a cornfield in which were growing some pumpkins that had begun to ripen. Knowing what oranges were and noting their similarity it was thought that they were some sort of "enormous kindred." Curiosity won and grandfather climbed down and cut a big slice out of one in order that the family might be treated to a taste of this novel fruit. Any one who has had the temerity to attempt eating raw pumpkin will well appreciate their disappointment. The final conclusion was that either some one had made a mistake or that it was a species of fruit that grew large and cheaply and that the farmers cultivated it to feed the slaves. Queer deductions, all!

Again, in household equipment there was a wide variation. Never before had they seen or used a stove, for either heating or cooking. All of their culinary ventures were assayed in an open fireplace, with a kettle, griddle, or "dutch oven" as accessories to the act. So, when they outfitted at St. Joseph for the last lap of their journey to the promised land, they must needs possess one of these modern conveniences. The stove was bought, $50 being paid out of their scanty store for the purchase. It was a cheap, cast iron af-

fair that I have seen sold in later years for $8 and even that sum was considered all or more than it was worth. Remember too, that this stove was then hauled overland in an ox-wagon to their homestead 150 miles farther on.

By such things is the march of progress marked.

In my great-grandfather's family, besides my grandfather, was another son and daughter. Whether they were married at that time I do not know, but in due time the daughter appears as the wife of one—"Graham"—and later as the mother of Alex and George Graham, brothers. The latter now owns the original Campbell homesteads. The brother, John, was killed while getting out logs for a house. He was found dead under a log that had rolled on him when a rope broke. The rope had evidently been used in lengthening the chain in order that the oxen might climb the river bank a little higher and obtain better footing while he added his mite by pushing against the log from below.

As near as I can determine, great-grandfather came to this country earlier in the year, or at least enough earlier to get settled and return to Nebraska City in time to meet grandfather's family on their arrival in the fall of 1865.

The experiences of the journey are best told by my uncle in "The Story of An Immigrant."

I have in my possession three scraps of paper on which are written, in my mother's hand, brief notations of family history. The first is a leaf torn from a cheap memorandum booklet and bears, on the back, an advertisement extolling the virtues of a patent remedy. The notes I shall give verbatim. The first is as follows:

"Your great-great-grandfather was living when I was 13 years old. His home was Crief, Perthshire. That is as far back as I know. A (my sister Agnes) says all Campbells were from Robert Bruce, King. I have read that they were from his sister."

The second is written on what appears to be a piece of a newspaper wrapper, on which appears the following:

"Great-grandfather Campbell: I don't know his parentage. Grandfather was born at Crief, Perthshire. Father was born at Kinross, Kinross."

The third is a larger piece of wrapping paper and bears the following:

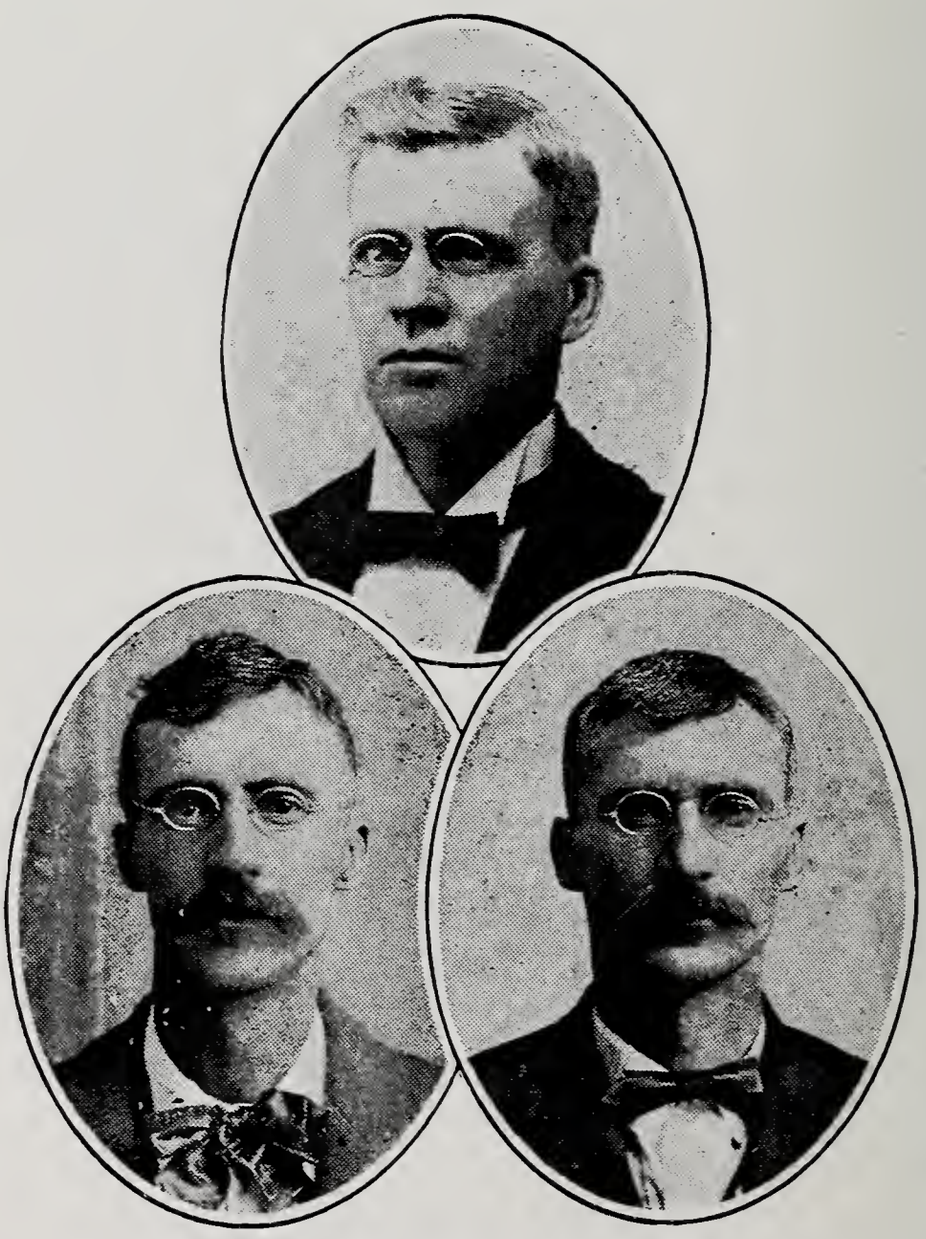
"Mother's father (my grandfather) and his father, John Campbell, were from Kinross, Scotland, and settled about 5 (should have been 3) miles west of Doniphan, Hall County, Nebraska, 1865. Our grandmother (her mother) wife of Peter Campbell, maiden name, Agnes Rentoul, died January 1866, and great-grandfather (her grandfather) died in 1871, and great-grandmother, (her grandmother) Janet Rentoul, 1866, were all buried in great-grandfather's (her grandfather's) homestead 5 (3) miles west of Doniphan. In 1868 grandfather (her father), Peter Campbell, and family moved from Hall county to Saunders county near Weston, where he died in 1875 and was buried in cemetery at Wahoo, Saunders county, Nebraska."

"Mother — Christina Harrower Campbell, eldest daughter of Peter and Agnes Campbell. Born February 23, 1848, in Palace, Parish of Anchterderran, Edinburgh, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, Scotland.

"Married — In 1870 (where it is now Weston) to James P. Dunlap, both of Saunders county, Nebraska; settled in Butler county; one year more and they have lived 56 years in one place."

It is of just such shreds as these that this writing must be made and if my readers will forgive me if I misplace any of the fragments and give whole-hearted honor to those who made them, all will be well for we shall then know that their tired gnarled hands spun not in vain.

At the close of my mother's education by a private tutor, she was advanced beyond the standard of our own universities and was, even to the time of her



THE CAMPBELL BROTHERS

JOHN R. CAMPBELL

PETER and DANIEL CAMPBELL

death, able to repeat whole passages of French, besides the traditional ability to decline a Latin noun or parse a verb in Greek. Many a brilliant discussion she had pertaining to the English language and its good usage. She was equally well versed in common mathematics.

During the stay of the family in Scotland her advantages of education were shared by the other children and their education was proportional. She at one time received a book from her tutor as a special prize, which is now a cherished heirloom.

This tutor was seemingly a man of parts and displayed his versatility by making musical instruments, violins and bagpipes, besides breeding canary birds and making cages for his golden-hued songsters. Whether this tutor taught drawing and painting I do not know but I do know that in addition to her other accomplishments mother was an artist of no mean ability. The tutor must have possessed his share of dry Scotch wit because the first day that my aunt Agnes attended school he calmly looked her over and noting how small she was for her age remarked without a trace of malice or a smile: "I believe I will have to make a cage and put you in it, you are so little."

Such was the heritage of "The Campbells Who Came."

Editor's Note—When John Campbell came to America as a lad of some fourteen years, although small for his age he was nevertheless something of an accomplished piper and oftentimes played for the amusement of the other passengers. He was dressed in the traditional Scottish garb of kilts and stockings, carrying one of his prized possessions, a knife, in his stocking in lieu of a pocket—kilts have no pockets. One day, in the crowd, a well-meaning lady, all kindly and solicitous, noticing that his knees were bare, asked him if his knees ever got cold. Without a moment's hesitation back came the answer in Scottish reflection, couched in the broadest Highland brogue, asking her if her face ever got cold. He has these pipes today, also a piece of the kilts he wore on the voyage to America.

THE PIONEER WOMAN

This Statue which stands at Ponca City, Oklahoma, is dedicated to the pioneer woman and mother who helped so materially in the settlement of the West.

CHAPTER VI

The Story of an Immigrant

The fall of 1865 found a family of father, mother, four daughters and three sons preparing to leave their native land where they all had been raised among the rugged rocks and dells of bonny Scotland. The twenty-second day of August saw them start from their home, Lochgelly, a few miles only from the now famed castle, Skybow, of Carnegie fame.

Their journey across the Atlantic was made in thirteen days, the party landing at Quebec. The journey westward was made in slow-running freight and tourist trains, finally landing in St. Joseph, Mo., which was the western terminal of all railroads at that time, so they were compelled to take passage on a freight boat to Nebraska City, Nebraska, with no accommodations for passengers.

It took eight days to make the trip, taking sometimes one or two days to get over a sandbar. Imagine

the family sleeping nights anywhere they could find a place among baggage and freight piled high on deck, with millions of mosquitoes biting them! After suffering this torture, they landed and were unloaded on a sandbar at four o'clock in the morning. The mosquitoes had been terrible and the children were covered with bites. After sunrise, my father went up town to find the house or lodging place called "The Fremont House," the place suggested to us, and was advised by the landlord that we could be accommodated for a day or two at least until my father's brother would arrive to take us into the interior. My father returned with a dray and we children proceeded up the middle of the street behind the dray. Upon arriving at the hotel, the landlord threw up his hands and said he could not take us on account of lack of room for so large a family and so much baggage. He directed us to another house and we again formed in procession to this new place. In all we were directed to four or five other places before we found anyone to take us in.

We were finally unloaded, but before long the landlady came and said we would have to get out as it was reported that a family was put off the boat that morning, having the smallpox. The mosquito bites beginning to show up good and plenty, my father offered to have any of us examined by a physician to find out the truth. The landlady was firm in her demand for us to get out saying her house would be ruined by the report regardless of its truth. My father showed his Scotch independent spirit by declaring that he had heard that America was a free country and we proceeded to lug the baggage to a vacant lot across the street where chests were piled one on top of the other.

We were getting hungry by this time and I was sent to get some water as our dusty bodies needed some scrubbing and we needed some help to wash down dry bread. I found a well close by and immediately let the bucket down to draw up some water when a lady came out and drove me away, saying they had barely

enough water for their own use. I left quickly fearing her wrath. Going a little farther I noticed a street sprinkler busy at its appointed task. I hurried after it and begged the man for a little water. He gave me some and charged me a nickel. On my way back to where my folks were camped, I overtook an old gentleman who began to question me. I took him to see my folks and in the kindness of his heart he persuaded my father to come to his house and partake of his hospitality. Here again was shown Scotch independence—he being a Scotch Presbyterian minister—for, as luck would have it, we had to endure his kindness for over a week before my uncle came.

In a day or two we were on our last leg of the journey which was Hall county, Nebraska. We went by covered wagon all the distance, somewhere about 200 miles, arriving in September. A log house was quickly built and chinked with mud which soon dried and many mornings during the winter we would wake up covered with an inch or two of snow.

Our mother, though frail, stood the journey bravely but succumbed in January, 1866, and with tender loving hands was laid to rest in her lowly grave in the Platte valley in a rude unpainted coffin made from an old wagon box by a friendly neighbor. Our father struggled on. The summer of 1866 again brought gladness to cheer him on and prospects seemed brighter that he would own his own home and become a land owner in this free country.

So, in the spring of 1867, he again journeyed to Nebraska City, where the government land office was then stationed and here he took out naturalization papers and registered for a homestead. Starting home with the needed groceries and household goods, he arrived once more beside his family and preparations were made to farm. Additions were made to the house, a barn was built, plowing was done, and crops were planted. Corn, wheat and oats were growing and

these were busy, happy days with the few early settlers for ten miles up and down the valley.

July came with its grain-ripening days. On July 24, 1867, the harvesting began on a farm six miles from our home and all hands were needed to follow the one reaper. My father and I went to help with the other neighbors. About three o'clock that afternoon we saw a rider on horseback coming toward the field. Thoughts of Indians rushed through every brain. The reaper was stilled and the golden sheaves were left unbound and all hurried to learn the oft-dreaded direful news. The Indians had raided the valley and everyone was fearful of his own family, but none more so than my father. He jumped upon the first horse and, pulling me up beside him, we headed for home.

Arriving within a quarter of a mile from home the house of our nearest neighbor was inspected. The mother of the family lay on the threshold of the door, dead, clasping her six months' old son in her arms. A son, fourteen years old, lay near by with an arrow stuck in his thigh.

Reaching our own home, we found it had been robbed and partly demolished. The contents of the house were destroyed and what was not carried away was scattered about, but saddest of all, the family was gone. Search about the premises and fields revealed nothing. The youngest daughter, a child of nine years, had managed to go, for a quarter of a mile, on her hands and knees to get out of sight and then ran four miles to notify a neighbor, who in turn brought the news to the field where we were at work. A hurried meeting of the neighbors was called as soon as possible that afternoon to decide upon a plan of action. It was decided to make a search for a few miles and that all of the settlers should assemble at one place for protection. Nothing came of the search and nothing was found to show what disposition was made of the missing children: the two daughters and the two

younger sons. The body of the only victim was quietly buried.

After a hurried council, it was decided to abandon the valley as protection from future raids, there being only one company of soldiers kept at Fort Kearney, forty miles distant, which was barely enough to protect the fort, much less the settlers. The following day hurried preparations were made to leave. Property and abandoned crops were offered for sale to neighbors who had not made up their minds to leave, and before another nightfall, my father, his father and brother and myself, a lad of only fourteen, were the only ones left in the valley. We decided to stay and face the danger alone in the hopes that some tidings might be learned concerning the stolen children.

My father, in the meantime, had wired the fort notifying them of the raid and asking aid in the search for the missing ones. In about a week six soldiers and a Captain were sent from the fort and search was made over twenty-five miles but nothing was found to give any evidence to relieve the stricken father. In all this time it was necessary to keep constant guard, for it was reported that the Indians were about the neighborhood. At last, about October 20th, news was brought from the sparse settlement at Grand Island that the prisoners had been seen in the camp of an Ogallala band of Sioux who were then in camp somewhere on the Solomon river in southeastern Colorado, or southwestern Kansas. It was also reported that the government was about to treat with the Sioux and that the prisoners would probably be captured.

A week or more passed before any faith was placed in the story. Then my uncle was sent to North Platte to learn what he could about the report. Traveling by train, even then, was risky, for every object seen from the train was taken for an Indian. On arriving at North Platte he found the report to be true, and that Spotted Tail's band would arrive some time that day, as a detachment of cavalry had been sent out to sur-

prise the Indians and compel them to bring in the prisoners. The Peace Commissioners arrived from the east the same day the Indians arrived. Later the prissoners proved to be the stolen children who, after two more days of travel, arrived home. Here they told the story of their capture and imprisonment and of the hardships they had undergone. At times they were without food, without proper clothing at all times, and they told of abuses and ill treatment.

The father of the family passed away November 14, 1875, burdened with grief and sadness over the way his cherished hopes of a peaceful life in a new, free country had been crushed. Of the other members of the family, only two are left, one brother and myself, now an old man of over eighty years of age.

—JOHN R. CAMPBELL.

HOMESICK

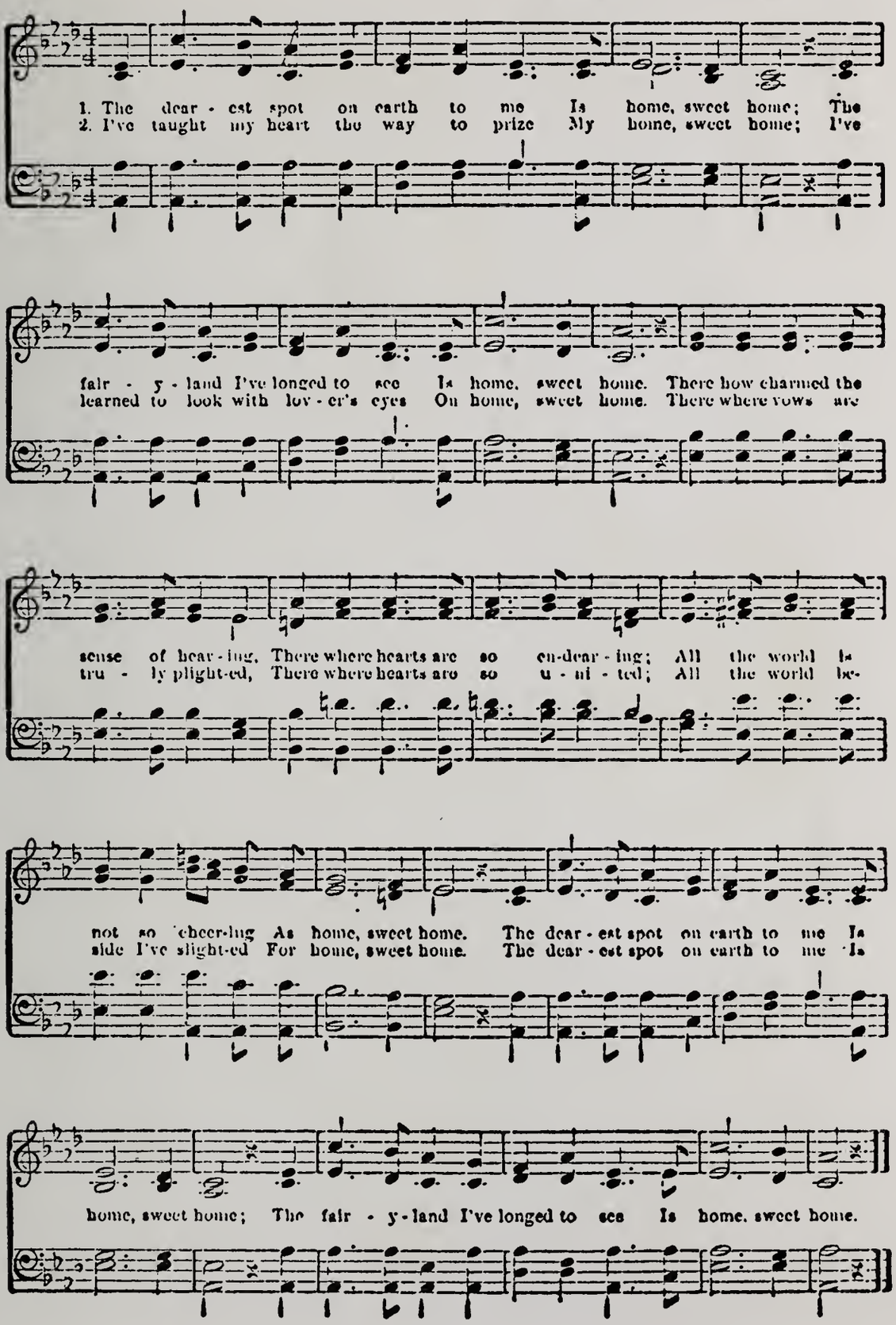
I am homesick for the prairie,
For the wide and boundless plain;
And I'm wishing, hoping, longing,
Just to feel its breeze again,
Just to see its glorious sunsets,
Feel its sudden, dashing rain,
Oh, I'm longing for the prairie
With a longing 'kin to pain.

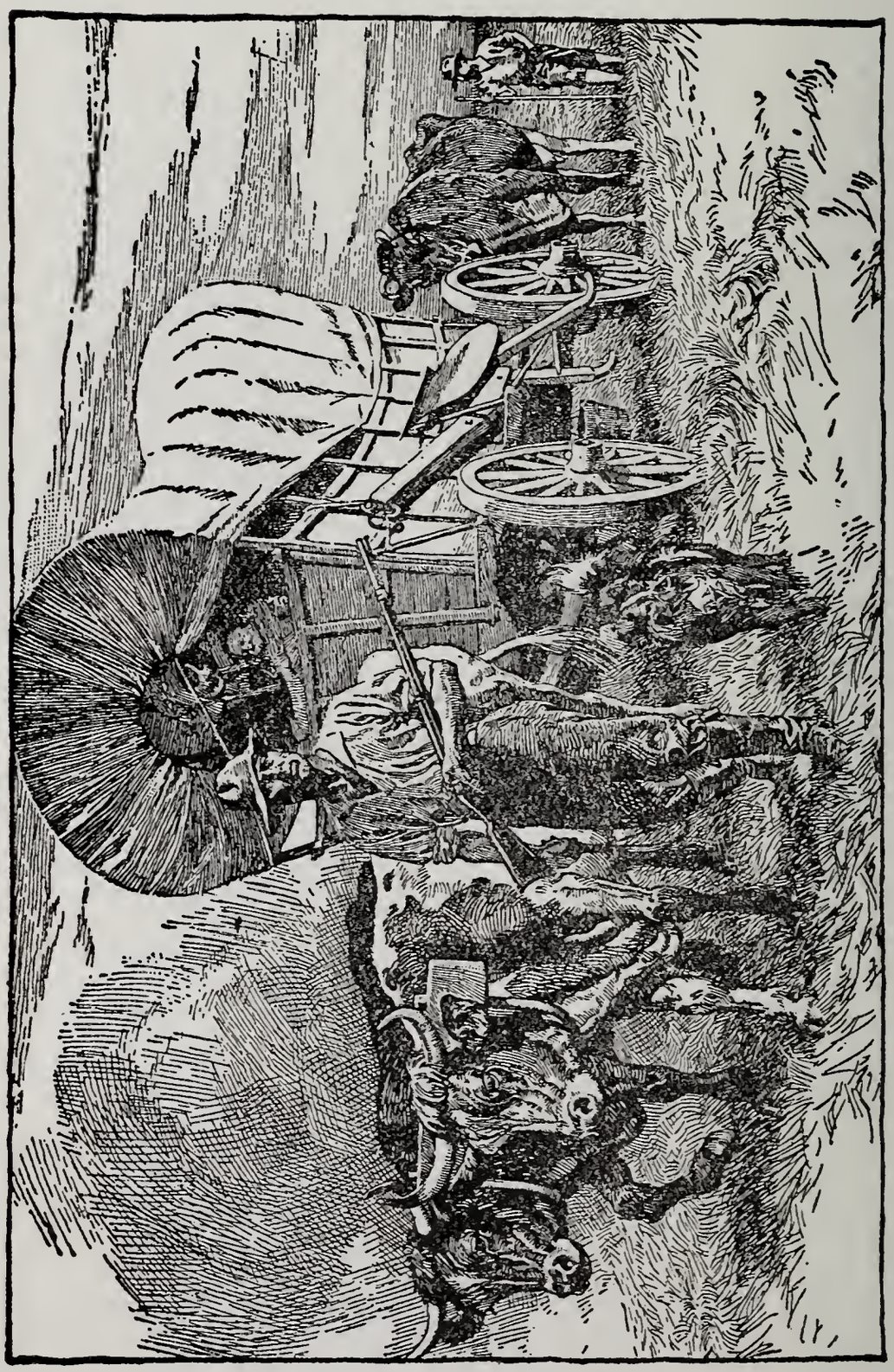
I am homesick for the prairie,
For its rough and ready ways,
For its big, kindhearted cowboys,
For its busy roundup days,
When we ate our sourdough biscuits,
Slept beneath the open sky
With our saddle for a pillow,
Blankets full of alkali.

I am homesick for the prairie,
And its freedom from all style;
Where they greet you with a "Howdy,"
And a friendly, cheery smile;
Where the stranger's always welcome,
And of freedom there's no lack,
Oh, I'm homesick for the prairie,
And I'm surely going back.

—John Quill.

"THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH"

Words and Music by W. T. Wrighton.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've
fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are
sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en-dear - ing; All the world is
tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted; All the world be-
not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
side I've slight-ed For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
home, sweet home; The fair - y-land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.



CHAPTER VII

Westward Ho!

In the far away continent of Europe, across the briny sea, lies a small country called Scotland. In spite of its beautiful scenes, its verdant valleys and rock-ribbed hills that gave forth sparkling brooks and rills; its heather covered banks and peaceful vales where the lowing cattle grazed amid the bluebells and golden buttercups and where the skylark warbled to the dawn, this homeland had lost its charm to a small band of Scots.

Hence came our ancestors. They had learned of that far away United States of America, where all who wished could have a home if they would but help build up this new country by becoming citizens, by tilling the soil, building homes, and populating the land. These things they were only too glad to do, and cast their lot with other venturesome, home-hungry souls, faring forth into the unknown in conquest, to bring it into subjection as their own. This Herculean task

of habilitation was only to be accomplished by the united, unflagging, untiring, zealous effort of men and women. They must be industrious and unwavering, setting a goal far ahead of their existing conditions and fearlessly struggling on through Summer's heat and Winter's cold.

Not only were the elements to be stemmed but there were other foes as cruel and relentless. Pitiless nature may chill the blood and numb the soul of man, bringing death by slow horrible starvation or the quick and merciful death by cold. That is one thing, but to face these possibilities in wild land roamed by nature's beasts and peopled by hostile savages and to die by a slow fire or by the quicker death of an arrow between the shoulder blades is entirely another. These pre-Caucasian denizens cannot be altogether blamed for their attitude for they were fighting for their lands, the only home they knew, defending it in desperation in the only way possible to them. They made up in cunning and stealth what they lacked in competition with the more modern and improved means of butchery that they saw advancing on them, brought by the ever increasing incoming bands of crowding palefaces, whose steady advance meant but one thing—the end of dominion by the red tribes that had inhabited the land for countless generations, far beyond the reckoning of any man.

To this land, with many other venturesome souls, came the small band of Campbells, as industrious, broad-minded and home-loving as any who dared these vital hazards—they, the pioneers. Those who came brought few worldly goods for they had none to bring. They brought that which was theirs, an intangible, more valuable quality, an unflinching, vital heritage of industry, frugality, and a will to do or die, qualities that are as necessary in the building of an empire as are freshening and life giving rain or the soothing coaxing of warm sunlight to the green growing things about us. They brought the foundation of American liberty

—the pride of possession—that for which they would labor and suffer, to belong to them and theirs to the end of time; to believe as they wished, and worship their Deity as their conscience dictated. They brought the strength and vitality of sturdy manhood, for a weakling had no place where each one must often be sufficient unto himself. Strength and sturdiness must be transmitted to posterity that they too might carry on, to retain and improve that which had been struggled for and won—in peace.

All of these qualities the pioneers brought to the billowing grass covered prairies that for ages untold had remained untouched by man. Virgin land unstirred by plow, with the verdant hills rolling on and on as nature had left them in the wake of receding ice sheets ages ago, were peopled by nomads who lived not by tillage but by the chase, by hunting the deer, the antelope, and the vast herds of buffalo that were soon to disappear and become scarcely more than a memory.

Modest indeed were the homes of the conquering pioneers, built as they must be from the materials at hand. Log houses and barns were of hewed logs and many of them left round, some with puncheon floors and others roofed with whatever could be afforded. If the builder had not the "wherewith" to make his home better he could by stress of necessity cover it with brush and straw supported on pole rafters and finally make it storm tight by a layer of soil or sod plastered with clay as was the interior. They were not beautiful, as that was not the motive for their construction, but they were warm and practical, although they were soon occupied by living things other than human: mice, fleas, and too often such offensive and unwelcome guests as rats and snakes. Often the domiciles were even less pretentious, but picturesque in the extreme, a "dug-out," partly excavated in some bank or hillside, and partly built of logs or stones chinked with clay. They were not what might be called permanent

structures as they demanded frequent repairs, while some rivaled the cabin of the famous Arkansan.

The women did their best in making the place into a home for, without complaint, they kept it as clean and wholesome as their ability permitted. A gay picture here, a few hardy flowers there, a window curtain made from a cherished piece of goods that was perhaps the remains of a dress worn amid other and fairer scenes and in other more affluent days long ago, all played their part in making a very pretty house of it indeed. The furniture, generally of the massive pioneer design, matched the houses. The seats were often only a hand-hewed plank with pegs in auger holes for legs, a back rest being obtained by the simple method of placing it near the wall and leaning back against that. One of these early home-made chairs, made in the early '60s, is in the museum at Lincoln.

Each family must build its own "Silver City," but that was not all. They must gain a livelihood, crops must be planted and tended for food for man and beast. Every family sooner or later acquired a cow or two, a brood sow, and a few hens, and to these they pinned what hopes they could and turned their faces toward the light. They heard the lowing of their cow, the grunts of their pigs and cackles of their hens. Yoking his patient oxen, "Buck," "Bright," "Jim," or "Star," as their names might have been, to the plow, the man turned it into the sod and stirred the soil for the planting; while the good wife tended the garden or cared for her offspring, each doing their utmost, dreaming of the harvest to come. The crops were not always all that they had hoped for or wished. Drouth, windstorms, hail, cyclones, blizzards and swarms of locusts, each had a time of its own to extract toll from the settlers.

Sickness and death, too, came often unheralded and departed without fanfare. Rattlesnakes were numerous and as deadly as Cleopatra's famous asp, many a person being killed outright, and others who were for-

tunate enough to get help in time, survived, maimed for life. Medical men were few and far between, necessitating long and weary journeys, and the patient sometimes did not survive the delay. Fathers sometimes officiated at the arrival of their own, or ministered to them at their departure, for death comes like a thief in the night.

The pioneers lived by their own efforts, made their own clothing and some did their own cobbling. Some of these early efforts could not rightfully be called shoes, but they were footwear. Much of the farm machinery, too, was made "on the job." Rakes, hoes, and harrows were not so difficult to construct but the plows and harvesting aids were a different problem. Every one could not afford to own his own and those who did not used makeshift ones and raised as good crops with their wooden mould-board plows, reaping with a cradle and threshing with a flail, as are raised today with all the new-fangled machinery that is so profit-consuming in operation, sometimes taking all. If you are fortunate enough to have one of these old-time plows or cradles in your possession, keep it, for besides having a rare curio or keepsake, you have one of the true "industrial pioneers."

The farmer was not always in debt as many of them are today, although it took his combined family to harvest the crop. There was enough to winter man and beast, with enough left over to supply next year's seeding. Some classes of people at the present time seem to consider it some sort of disgrace to labor, but would have more at the end of the season if they worked harder or longer and spent less money on high priced labor saving implements. This must not be construed as a tirade against all that is modern or labor-lightening, for there are none who would return to those good old days even if they could. But, look at a practical problem in a practical way, balance cost against profit and then decide for yourself. Does it pay?

All this is now history. Pioneer days are fading farther and farther into the past; the rugged life of the homesteaders, the Indians, the wild life, the early drouths, the blizzards, all of these are growing more and more a memory which becomes more valuable as it grows less vivid. Nevertheless, some of us are left who still recall the trials and tribulations of pioneer life.

The pioneer cow-men are fast passing. Here and there in the big cow country, the surviving veterans of the chaps and saddles, who punched cattle in the eighties, hold their noisy reunions, reviving memories of days long ago. They spin yarns of Indian fights and buffalo hunts, of drives up the trail when there wasn't a farmer or a wire fence between the Missouri and the Rockies, when professional hunters with single shot Springfields slew buffalo by the thousands for the hides and to save the grass for domestic cattle.

For these pioneers, some unknown cowboy has spun this plaintive ditty:

Backward, turn backward, oh time on your wheels,
Aeroplanes, wagons and automobiles,
Dress me once more in a sombrero that flaps,
Spurs, flannel shirt, slicker and chaps;
Give me a six-shooter or two in my hand,
And show me a steer to rope and to brand;
Out where the sage brush is dusty and gray,
Make me a cowboy again just for today.

Thunder of hoofs over range as we ride;
Hissing of iron and smoking of hide;
Bellow of cattle, and snorting of cayuse,
Long horns from Texas as wild as the deuce,
Midnight stampedes and milling of herds,
Yells from the cowmen too angry for words;
Right in the midst of it all I would stay,
Make me a cowboy again just for a day.

The rough, winding trails where once the great Conestoga wagons lumbered slowly along behind plodding oxen, traveling ten to twenty miles a day, are now broad, smooth, well kept highways traveled by sleek haughty gasoline-propelled automobiles that are capa-

ble of safe travel at the rate of a mile or more a minute. Along some of these public highways are monuments to mark the trails our forefathers traveled more than a century ago.

Across the nation, where the thin thread of the first transcontinental railroad of the Union Pacific first ran its fussy little bell-stacked engines, drawing small but highly important trains, now run ponderous locomotives drawing loads that would then have been deemed impossible. All-aluminum streamlined trains are now almost daily breaking newly made records of speed. At this writing the best time made between Los Angeles and New York is 59 hours.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of man has been his conquest of the air, his ability to rise and fly, an idea that has occupied the minds of scientists and inventors for many centuries. Aeroplanes are now carrying passengers and important mail across the continent between dawn and dark, along regular routes on daily schedules to important cities. Compare this with the pioneer's Pony Express which made history by carrying mail on a record run from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, California, in a little over seven days, at the rate of $5.00 per half ounce.

We now have the motion pictures, phantom shadows that act and sing for our entertainment, offspring of the phonograph and stereopticon; the radio, that by the turn of a dial, brings the world's news and events by night or day, uncanny transmissions of photographs and programs ranging from grave to gay, sublime to the ridiculous, across the land from East to West, from land or sea, from the Byrd exploring expedition at the South Pole, across thousands of miles of trackless wastes. All are now linked by an invisible network of instantaneous communication, with television "just around the corner." Railroads link nearly every city, town, and hamlet of our land, binding it into a continuous whole, while electricity gives the vital nerve spark within. Electric energy has come to be depended

upon for its myriad uses until it is indispensible. Light, heat, power, transportation, communication, and even automotive industries would be at a standstill without it, so important is electricity.

We have daily mail in nearly every corner of our land, whether urban or rural, and the inhabitants may keep abreast of the times, suffering no delay in business. The credit for the idea of rural mail delivery belongs to Postmaster-General John Wanamaker, who was the first to officially suggest its adoption in his first annual report for the fiscal year of 1891. The first daily newspaper appeared in Philadelphia, September 21, 1784. Now there is scarcely a community without its own paper, if not a daily at least a weekly. The dailies of our cities are legion in number and are delivered at our doors almost before the ink is dry.

We have a speedy world today, and to think, most of these things have come to pass within the compass of *one lifetime!*

Drouth ruined crops in the early days the same as it does today. Climatic changes come in well defined though slightly varying cycles and it is well to suppose that it shall continue to do so in the future as in the past, for the moods of Mother Nature are not to be turned lightly aside. But our forefathers were high-minded men, not to be disheartened, and in order to succeed were able and willing to try again. Bravely they stuck to their work, wet or dry, hot or cold, early and late, and won the day.

We, today, have not one-fourth as much to contend with as had the pioneers, yet we mutter and complain. With a little retrospection we must see that we are incomparably better off than any of them, yet we rail and rant at the powers that be and threaten to wreck the Ship of State, casting aside all for which our forefathers fought and so tenderly cherished, and raise in its place the rage of intolerance.

The present day is similar to one in Grover Cleveland's administration in the early '90s, when oats,

wheat and barley were threshed for one cent per bushel, granaries and sheds were filled to overflowing with cheap grain, while farther west where they had no place to store the grain it was piled on the ground. Others put the grain on the market, selling oats for 8 cents per bushel, rye 19 cents, wheat 20 cents, corn 8 cents, while potatoes might be had for the digging. Men were out of work and out of money. Coxie led his well-meaning but ill-advised army to Washington and was told to stay off the grass. That was the original "Bunion Derby," although there have been several later imitations, which likewise came to grief. Before the year was up, money was back in circulation and everybody was busy chasing it, industry and prosperity were rolling along together and everybody was happy once more.

History must repeat itself. The hardships of 1934 will soon be a thing of the past. When the proper adjustments have been made and the wheels of industry roll again in harmony with labor, money will again be in normal circulation and everybody will take heart and try again. People of worthwhile character learn through hardship and try the more earnestly to make good, instead of crying failure. Our forefathers, back in the '70s, raised hogs and after hauling them 35 to 40 miles, paid the taxes and had money left. I have raised and sold hogs by the hundred, perhaps thousands, in my time; I have raised hogs to marketable size and wept many a bitter tear over the graves of those that died in infancy; I have sold them all the way from 1¼ to 20 cents per pound; and I have banked many a fat hog check which, if I dare say it, would not pay the taxes today. A Scotchman's way is to save nickels and dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves.

The days of drouth are not only a characteristic of today for Weather Bureau records back to seventy years ago show that an appeal was made to farmers to cut all the prairie grass they could and refrain from

burning the stubble. Going back a little further to 1825 (a dry year), orders were issued to soldiers at Fort Atkinson: "Hay crop short, hay not to be used for bedding; use dead grass; hay from bed sacks to be emptied into stock yards. Do not waste hay."

Nebraska has sustained the shock of many dry years just as her fields have laughed with bounty under the yield of many favorable seasons. Calamities such as the dry weather of 1934 are rare in comparison to the favorable bountiful years. It is not hard to believe the processes of nature will continue to function in the future as they have in the past. People have borne the hardships and privations of crop failures in other years just as they have sustained the conditions of the present. It is a tribute to the unfailing courage of man, to his faith in himself, and his capacity for making the best of whatever situation in which he may be placed. Favorable conditions will come again. Be of good cheer. Prove that the spirit of the pioneers still lives and will never, never die.

Thus be the heritage that the pioneers have left to us, the sons and daughters of the pioneers who wearied not in well doing; and to you, the following generations, we pass along the torch of peace and hope.

Accept my benediction: God be with you. Carry on.

"It is content that makes men rich;
Mark this, ye avaricious who traverse the earth;
He never knows nor pays adoration to his God
Who is dissatisfied with his condition and estate."

—Translated from ancient Persian manuscripts in 1833, by Malcolm.

—CHRISTINA DUGGER.

A PSALM OF LIFE

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real. Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow,
  Finds us further than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, tho stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

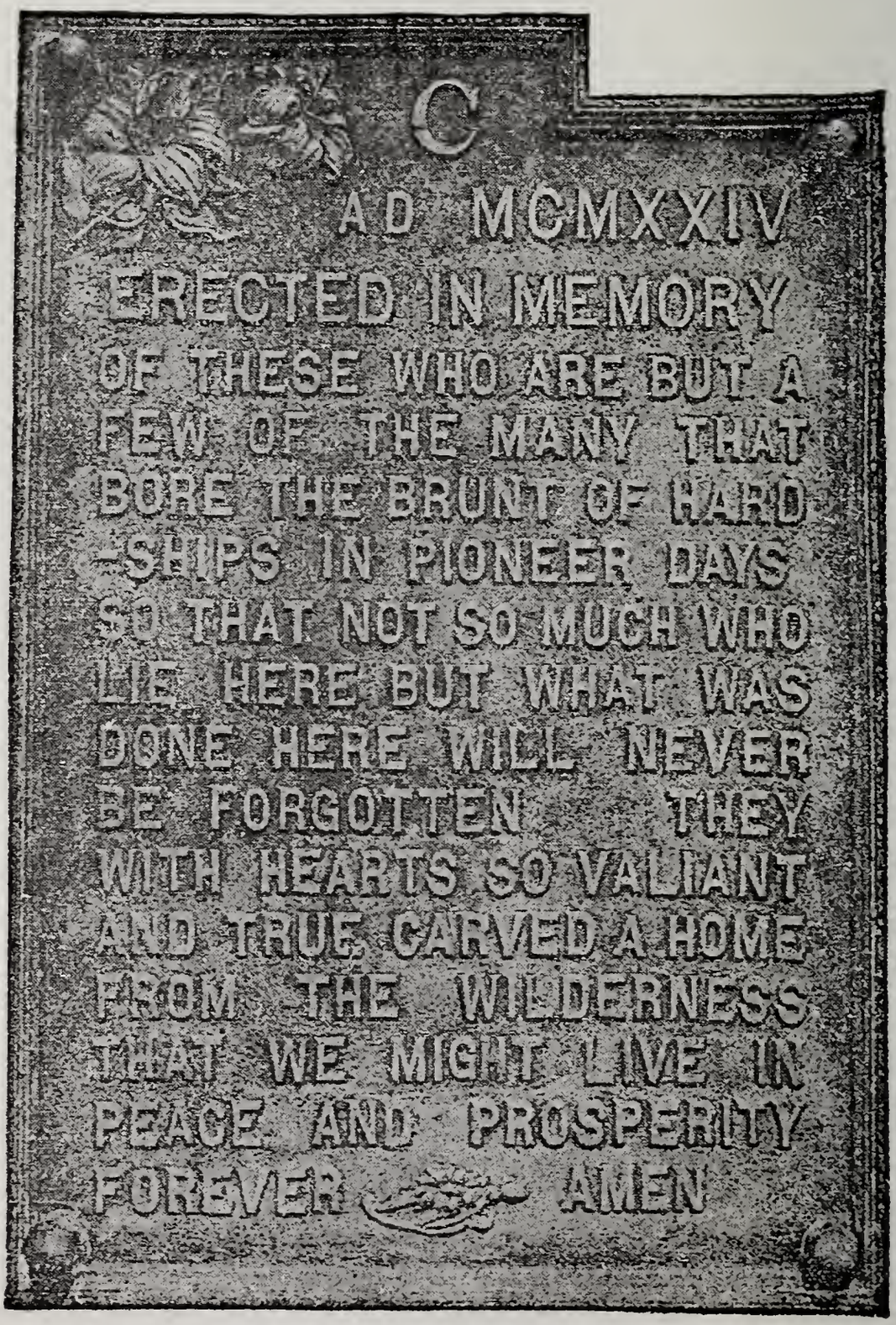
Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of all great men remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

—H. W. Longfellow.



TABLET ON THE CAMPBELL GRAVES MONUMENT

The site near Doniphan, Nebraska, where stands the monument marking the graves of five members of the Campbell family, is now the property of the State Historical Society.

CHAPTER VIII

The Indian Raid

(Written for John Coulter)

Dear Cousin:

Yours at hand with a request for as much as I can add to the oft-told tale of bygone days, with its many versions. The paper I enclose, while a bit sketchy, as it needs must be, fairly well tells the story; yet leaves out the personal touch in reference to many minor details. In text it is true but the gathering of details has been far flung and even to these there are deviations. Mother was very reticent about the whole affair and seldom did she mention it; unless some incident of every day life, in later years, recalled some particular scene during those hectic months; so I shall only chronicle the events not mentioned in the enclosed article.

When the raiding band first came upon the scene, they had just passed the stage station, which was four

miles to the west, and which was conducted by a Mr. Martin, (particulars and antecedents unknown). They had apparently continued in an easterly direction. Somewhere in that locality they had tried to kill the two Martin boys; but they had escaped into the station, outdistancing their pursuers, no doubt on account of the freshness of their mount. They were both alive four years ago (1924), despite the fact that they were pinned together with arrows during their flight, this being possible only because they rode the same pony.

Foiled of this prey, they next came upon the lowly Campbell homestead, with its helpless occupants, comprising the following: Christina (my mother) then a girl of nineteen; Jennie, who was about seventeen (afterward became Mrs. Land, and resided in St. Louis at the time of her death); Aggie (the one who escaped into the grain field, and finally gave the alarm). These three with Pete and Dan, the twin boys aged five, comprised all who were home that day.

The Indians, no doubt, had followed the stage trail from the station, until the cabin was sighted; then leaving the trail had headed for the buildings, which they rushed and surrounded with their usual war cries. It was at this point that the younger girl darted into the grain and escaped. The Indians either did not see her or did not consider her worth chasing; at any event she was the only one to escape.

The party breaking in the door and window with their gun butts, started on their work of destruction, destroying every thing breakable and even dragging the feather bed out and ripping it open, scattering the feathers. They took, to keep, only the things that struck their needs or fancy. One thing that hurt mother as much as any thing, perhaps, was the sight of a fancily embroidered shirt that aunt Jennie had made for grandfather. The last glimpse of it she had was after one of the Indians had tied the sleeves to-

gether, thus forming a sort of bag or sack, in which he was carrying a piece of fat meat.

The two girls and two boys were easily over-powered and tied on ponies; two Indians each carrying one of the boys before them on the horses. The party went from there to the Warren homestead about three-quarters of a mile to the northeast. Evidently they, too, were unaware of Indians being in the neighborhood; as they had used no firearms nor fired any of the buildings, perhaps knowing that either one might precipitate unwanted opposition.

At the Warren homestead were Mrs. Warren and three sons. The two older boys employed much the same tactics as my aunt, and dived into the weeds thus escaping, but not before one got a bullet through his leg. The younger child, being only a baby, was in his mother's arms as she made her appearance. She was immediately shot on sight as she appeared in the door way, and was afterward buried where she fell. The baby was not seriously hurt, if at all, as he at this writing is still alive some place in Canada, (name and address known by Geo. Graham, Doniphan, Nebraska).

The raiders, evidently in a hurry to be gone, left in almost a southerly direction; which they kept almost continuously for the better part of three days and two nights; crossing a wide shallow river (no doubt the Republican) the evening of the second day. Here the party joined with the main part of Spotted Tail's band, the squaws, their tepees, the rising generation, dogs and household goods, continuing south for another day and night to either the Solomon, Big Smoky, or Beaver Rivers—she did not know which.

The first day, mother tore up some of her clothing, and as she thought, unnoticed, had strewn the pieces along the way, in hopes that perhaps a searching party, finding them, would thus be led to them. But she was closely watched and each and every piece was picked up as soon as dropped and the handful of shreds, to

the last thread, was shaken in her face that night; blasting all her hopes of rescue. Then, and then only, did she give up and resolve to accept the situation, but watchfully. From here on her tale always became sketchy and disjointed. She was never pressed for a complete tale as it was conceded that there were many incidents that she would rather not mention and would like to forget, as they became softened by time.

One of her greatest trials seems to have been in the matter of food, which came to her spasmodically. She, of course, was unaccustomed to the Indian fashion of feast and famine; gorging themselves after a successful raid or hunt until every morsel was eaten; then a few days of inactivity until the effect of the gastronomic debauch had worn off and they again felt the need of food. Then away they would go on another foray, and whatever they brought when they returned, much or little must suffice. Sometimes it was venison, deer or antelope, and at others buffalo. Twice it was spoil from some luckless freight or immigrant train; this she knew from the character of the goods brought back. One raid yielded corn and bacon and the other flour and calico. Their whole existence must have been more or less a series of raids and forays at varying intervals. One absence lasted several days after all vestige of food had disappeared from the camp and she was forced to allay the pangs of hunger from what little she could scrape off a deer hide that had lain about for a week or more and was infested with maggots. The daintiness and palate-tempting quality of this I shall leave to the reader's imagination. After the foray that returned corn, everybody, young and old, lived on parched corn until it was gone.

And the one that yielded flour: mother sought to make herself agreeable to her captors by doing her best to make bannocks out of the material at hand. She thought that by so doing she could hide away some of the cakes against the lean days that she knew

were ahead when everything had been eaten; the lull before there would be more—when the young twin brothers would cry for days at a time, from hunger.

But here, again, as in the case when she attempted to hold out some of the corn, she had been closely watched, and at the first pinch of hunger felt by the Indians she was forced to dig up the little horde of food that she had so painstakingly secreted.

After one sortie, there were many wounded to absorb attention. One young buck, although not mortally wounded, was hurt in such a manner that he would always have been a cripple; and therefore a drag on the band, so after a sort of pow-wow to determine his status, he was stood up in front of his tepee and shot. Thus quickly and effectively they ended, what might have been a life of misery for more than one.

At one place a rider came hurriedly into camp and called out something to all. Being in the Sioux tongue none of the captives understood a word, but instantly all was commotion. Squaws ran here and there collecting everything worth taking, in fact, it was a case of "strike camp" with some incentive thrown in for good measure. The squaw that had guardianship of mother pointed to the bottom of a smoked skillet, then to her own face and said in broken English "heap soldier" only she pronounced it as though it spelled "sodger", Mother afterward learned that a troop of negro cavalry had been in that country about that time. In a very incredible time every vestige of the camp was packed and tied on ponies, either pack fashion or travois and the band was on the go. The younger squaws, or those less needed elsewhere, were riding behind or at the sides herding the ponies together and flailing the lagging ones, keeping the whole outfit at a gallop. Perhaps a "good time was had by all", but I personally, for one, can name at least a dozen modes of travel easier than being tied in a jolting travois, hitched to a galloping broncho, being urged on by a frantic squaw

who was loud of mouth and heavy of quirt; regardless of trail in the dead of night; with speed and distance the only objects in view.

After several months of this hectic living, when at times life itself seemed uncertain, they were brought before a council of chiefs; Spotted Tail being the master of ceremonies, when their final fate was to be determined. Each thought that their last hour had all but come; even in that, they felt death would be preferable to such a life; very often hungry, always dirty and lousy. Instead of being put to death or, worse yet, to torture, they were taken by a band of braves and started north. After another long, weary ride they arrived, alive at least, at North Platte, where they were given into the care of the U. S. commissioners, whom they met by appointment.

The foregoing is as I have heard mother tell it many times from my earliest childhood. From here on there are several contradictions. Some writers state that the exchange was made at Sidney. Also, the terms of exchange vary.

Hall's History of Nebraska states that a ransom of two thousand dollars was paid Spotted Tail for the release of the prisoners. To this statement comes a contradiction from A. E. Sheldon of the Nebraska State Historical Society (address, Station A., Lincoln, Nebraska). He states that a settlement was made with Spotted Tail by the exchange of prisoners. The prisoners held by the whites were some of his own band that were taken during the same raid in the Platte Valley at Elm Creek. The prisoners, as I remember, were three squaws.

At all events, the deal was made agreeable to all parties concerned and the hatchet was buried for the time being, to be dug up some years later. Spotted Tail hated to give up the twin boys. For some reason he seemed to have formed an attachment for them, or thought he saw great future possibilities, and of-

fered "heap ponies" for them. At this writing only one is alive, of the four who were taken captive, Peter, who resides in Denver, Colorado.

Grandfather Campbell and his family abandoned their homestead and moved on to another on Wahoo Creek about two miles east of where Weston now stands. It was here that mother met J. P. Dunlap during one of his visits to the Jamisons. After what I suppose was a whirlwind courtship, they were married and moved to a quarter section that my father had bought from a John Clapp, on which was a one-room log house. This was their home until 1879, when a frame house was erected. I was the only child born there, the other five having been born in the log house, which I remember well.

Here let me skip over many years until the latter part of March, 1924. It was then that I was caring for my aged and feeble mother in Bridgeport, Nebraska. She had often expressed the wish to be buried beside her mother. But this exact spot was unknown by any of her immediate relatives. All conditions being favorable, I set out to locate, if possible, their burial place. It was found after some search; but on returning to my mother, I found her delirious, having had an apoplectic stroke, brought on no doubt by worrying over my absence. From this time on she only rallied for short intervals and finally succumbed on April 7, 1924.

Many times in her delirium she would say that it was utterly useless to look for the graves as it had been so long ago; and that her mother had been buried in a coffin made from the top box of the farm wagon. Her wishes were carried out, as nearly as possible, namely, that she should be buried beside her mother who was at the south side of the plot; and that she be returned to the now peaceful Platte valley, as nearly as possible, as she had left it. So, her wish being kept in mind, all that was mortal, was carried back, as

she had left, in a farm wagon, drawn by a span of ponies of uncertain lineage. An oration was given by Mr. Burger, who bridged the gap of history of the community from 1868 to 1924. The graves were duly protected and suitably marked and a deed to the plot surrounding them obtained and presented to the Nebraska State Historical Society, October 14, 1924.

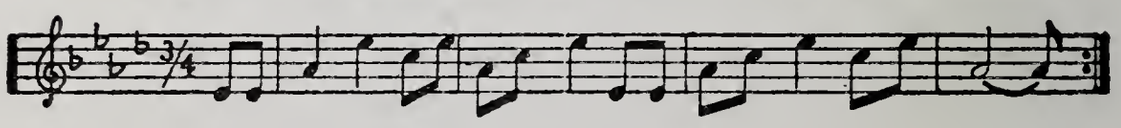
So ends the tale, in a bronze tablet, affixed to the stone marker at the grave site. It shall express in gratitude a tribute, not to one alone, but to the many, some of whom are unknown by name, but whose deeds shall live on as long as this nation shall stand.

To all pioneers in general, and to my sturdy Scotch ancestors in particular, was this memorial erected.

"LEST WE FORGET."

—By the son of Christina Campbell Dunlap.

"Death Valley Days" Bugle Call



THE MORNING BUGLE CALL

This call was used in the western pioneer days, every morning, to round up the covered wagon trains crossing the prairies.

By courtesy of
The Pacific Coast Borax Company
Producers of the Twenty Mule Team Borax

NEBRASKA—MY OWN NATIVE LAND

You may sing of oceans and lake-side,
Of your mountains, so lofty and grand;
Of the prairies I'll sing, and my praises shall ring
For Nebraska—my own native land.

Out here where the sun shines so bright,
It turns nature to scarlet and gold;
Here golden grains grow, and silver streams flow;
While the pastures hold wealth untold.

The birds fill the air with their gladness,
There is beauty on every hand;
Where the red sumach glows, and goldenrod blows;
Nebraska—my own native land.

You may boast of historical places,
Tell the tales of your Pilgrim band;
Not the past, but today, be the game work or play,
In Nebraska—my native land.

INDIAN SUMMER—IN NEBRASKA

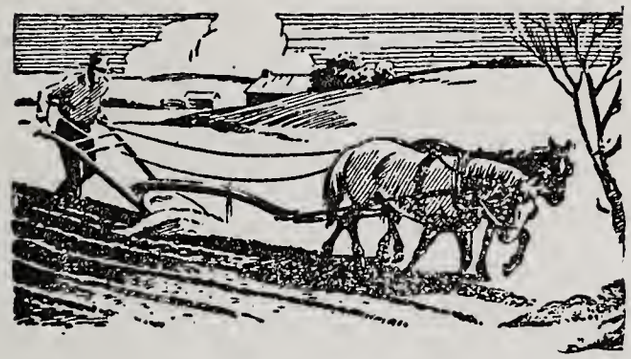
You say you've been to Europe, you've sailed the seven seas,
You've visited the tropic isles, lulled by their gentle breeze.
You've walked through great cathedrals, done Paris, Nice, and Rome—
I have watched an autumn sunset in Nebraska.

You've climbed the snow-clad Rockies, you've scaled old Mount Rainier,
You've gazed across the Canon in wonderment and fear,
You've seen the broad Columbia, the mighty Yukon, too,
Well, I have watched a sunset in Nebraska.

You've seen Niagara's splendors, you've skiied on Placid Hill,
You've visited the Cave of Winds, their music gave you thrill;
You've viewed the Painted Desert, the Garden of the Gods,
Well, I have watched a sunset in Nebraska.

—Mrs. E. D. Crounse.

Upper Left—NELSON C. DUNLAP
Upper Right—AGNES C. DUNLAP
Lower Left—CHRISTINA C. DUNLAP
PATIENCE DUNLAP
Lower Right—LEWIS C. DUNLAP



CHAPTER IX

The Native Born

After the Indian raid and the exodus of the Campbell family to safer lands in Saunders County in late 1866, they lived as uneventful a life as the majority of pioneers until Christina met and married James Polk Dunlap, March 25, 1870. He was born March 5, 1845. They settled on a homestead at Lone Star (now Dwight), Butler county, Nebraska, and established a nursery which they ran for many years. In 1922 Christina Campbell Dunlap moved to Bridgeport, Nebraska, where she died April 7, 1924, and was buried at Doniphan, Nebraska, in the now historic family burial plot.

James P. Dunlap—Died January 21, 1929; buried Union Cemetery, Dwight, Nebraska; to them were born, three sons and three daughters.

Nelson Campbell Dunlap—Born December 26, 1870; died April 25, 1930.

Agnes Dunlap—Born March 14, 1872.

Christina Dunlap—Born May 31, 1873.

Peter Camppell Dunlap—Born October 15, 1874; died July 5, 1875; killed in infancy by rattlesnake bite; buried in Union Cemetery, Dwight, Nebraska.

Patience Dunlap—Born November 24, 1875.

Lewis Campbell Dunlap—Born February 25, 1883.

The five eldest were born in a one-room log house in which the family lived until they came into a small inheritance at the closing of Grandfather Campbell's estate. With this inheritance they built a frame house which at that time was something of a novelty. Here, later on—so much later that it seemed an after thought—was born the youngest, and to this day he is called the "Kid" by the survivors of the family, although he has passed his two score and ten. The family underwent the usual inconveniences of early days, survived and prospered, not affluently, but comfortably.

Nelson C. Dunlap—Married June 28, 1905, at Ithaca, New York, to Elnora May Palmer—Born (date unknown); died, February 22, 1922. One son, one daughter.

Charles Palmer D. — Born October 8, 1906, Kearney, Nebraska.

Christina May D.—Born June 18, 1908, Kearney, Nebraska.

Charles Palmer Dunlap—Married Marie Tomandl, September 28, 1928; now living at 903½ Market Street, Chehalis, Washington.

John Palmer Dunlap—Born at Chehalis, Washington, December 28, 1937.

Christina May Dunlap—Married Clifford I. English, November 30, 1925, at Groton, New York, (he is a bridge contractor); live at Liberty, Maine. Two daughters.

Louise Phillias E.—Born August 6, 1926, at Dryden, New York.

Elnora Winona E.—Born October 3, 1929, at Rumford Falls, Maine.

N. C. Dunlap married second wife, Anne Phunder, November 5, 1923, at Syracuse, New York; no issue; died April 25, 1930; buried with first wife in Forest Lawn Cemetery at Ithaca, New York; second wife lives at Ithaca, New York.

Agnes Dunlap—Born March 14, 1872, at Lone Star, Nebraska; married April 22, 1897, to Herbert Newton Lynn (teacher), at Seward, Nebraska; live at Coopersville, Michigan. One daughter, Margaret Christina.

Christina Dunlap—Born May 31, 1873, at Lone Star, Nebraska; married George Dugger (farmer), June 4, 1906; divorced July 10, 1916; no issue; lives at Bridgeport, Nebraska.

Patience Dunlap—Born November 24, 1875, at Lone Star, Nebraska; married Robert Stewart Boyd (farmer), born June 19, 1871, died September 21, 1932, buried at Kearney, Nebraska; she lives at Bridgeport, Nebraska. Two daughters.

Ellen Christina Boyd—Born July 2, 1903, at Kearney, Nebraska; married Oscar W. Brown (barber) May 15, 1923, at Alliance, Nebraska. One son.

Dale Robert Brown—Born February 19, 1924, at Bridgeport, Nebraska; lives at Crawford, Nebraska.

Beatrice Benona Boyd—Born April 23, 1906, at Haigler, Nebraska; married Frederick S. Wells (baker), May 15, 1923. One son.

James Frederick Wells—Born March 7, 1924, at Bridgeport, Nebraska; died March 12, 1924; buried at Minden, Nebraska.

Divorced July 15, 1928. Married September 15, 1928, to George P. Brubaker (railroader), at Laramie, Wyoming; live at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

From the time of the death of little Peter, July 5, 1875, a scope of nearly fifty years—there was not another death in the Dunlap family until March 12, 1924, when the great grandson, James Frederick Wells, passed away.

Lewis Campbell Dunlap—Born February 25, 1883, at Dwight, Nebraska, (mechanic); lives at 1029 North Hazard St., Los Angeles, California; married Lola Wilson (nee Webb), March 30, 1909, Denver, Colorado; divorced February 21, 1921, at Seattle, Washington. No issue. Married Dora Ream (nee Spring), November 23, 1925, Los Angeles, California.

Janet Campbell—Born December 28, 1851, in Palace, Parish of Anchterderrn, Edinburgh, Fifeshire, Lochgelly, Scotland; married Charles Land; died November 11, 1899; buried at Troy, Illinois. Eight children.

John Land—Born August 22, 1867, Doniphan, Nebraska.

Agnes Land—Born December 4, 1869, Doniphan, Nebraska; died July 30, 1917, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Asa Land—Born March 5, 1871, Stockham, Nebraska; died August 5, 1873, Stockham, Nebraska.

Laura Land—Born February 2, 1873, Stockham, Nebraska; died April 15, 1873, Stockham, Nebraska.

Peter Land—Born February 27, 1876, Stockham, Nebraska.

Daniel Land—Born February 17, 1878, Stockham, Nebraska; died February 14, 1919, Stockham, Nebraska.

Edward Land—Born February 5, 1882, Weston, Nebraska.

Edna Land—Born March 6, 1884, Ewing, Holt county, Nebraska; died May 16, 1891; buried at Nebraska City, Nebraska.

John Land—son of Charles and Janet Land, born August 22, 1867, Doniphan, Hall county, Nebraska; married Elizabeth Nolan June 29, 1898, at St. Louis, Missouri. Elizabeth born November 4, 1874; died at Callaway, Nebraska, February 16, 1920; buried at Dale, Custer county, Nebraska. Eight children.

Jennie Land—Born September 28, 1899, Troy, Illinois.

Charles Land—Born March 31, 1902, Ethamham, Illinois.

Catherine Land—Born May 15, 1904, Arnold, Nebraska.

Julia Land—Born April 2, 1906, Arnold, Nebraska.

Anne Land—Born December 11, 1907, Arnold, Nebraska.

Alice Land—Born June 14, 1909, Arnold, Nebraska.

Albert Land—Born March 23, 1911, Broken Bow, Nebraska; died November 4, 1911, Broken Bow, Nebraska; buried at Dale, Custer county, Nebraska.

Martha Laura Land—Born June 13, 1916, Arnold, Nebraska.

Jennie Land—daughter of John and Elizabeth Land; married Floyd Horton, July 30, 1918, Merna, Nebraska. Five children.

Elizabeth Horton—Born June 11, 1919, Callaway, Nebraska.

Grace Horton—Born December 29, 1920, Callaway, Nebraska.

Lucile Horton—Born October 23, 1928, Anselmo, Nebraska; died March 2, 1930, Anselmo, Nebraska; burried at Dale.

Loyd Horton—Born October 7, 1930, Anselmo, Nebraska.

Richard Horton—Born October 26, 1931, Anselmo, Nebraska.

Charles Land—son of John and Elizabeth Land; married Mable Booth, June 12, 1927, at Lexington, Nebraska. Three children.

Francis Land—Born March 5, 1928, Climax, Nebraska.

Ruth Land—Born August 14, 1929, Climax, Nebraska.

Albert George Land—Born March 2, 1933, Anselmo, Nebraska.

Catherine Land—Daughter of John and Elizabeth Land; married Roy Horton, January 30, 1929, Anselmo, Nebraska. Two children.

Bernice Horton—Born January 24, 1930, Anselmo, Nebraska.

Le Roy Horton—Born March 29, 1933, Anselmo, Nebraska.

Peter Land—Son of John and Elizabeth Land. One son.
George Land—Born May 4, 1907, St. Joseph, Missouri

Edward Land—Son of Charles and Janet Land; married Cora Jacobs. One son.

Daniel Land—Born July 15, 1905. Were in Oklahoma when last heard of in 1929.

Agnes Land—Daughter of Charles and Janet Land; married William Rush. Four children, two sons, two daughters; Harry, Jennette, Roy, Lottie.

Harry Rush—Born April 19, 1893, at Grant City, Illinois; (switchman C. & G. W. R. R.); married Elizabeth Smith, June 2, 1914; live at 909 Ridenbaugh St., St. Joseph, Missouri. Five children—three sons and two daughters.

Donald Harry—Born January 4, 1918, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Robert Gerold—Born November 23, 1920, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Marjorie Jane—Born November 3, 1922, St, Joseph, Missouri.

Richard Lee—Born September 15, 1927, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Patricia Ann—Born July 19, 1929, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Jennette Rush—Born January 6, 1897, St. Joseph, Missouri; married ..... Kennedy. Two sons.

Jack Welby K.—Born April 14, 1913.

Eugene Monis K.—Born June 9, 1914.

Married second time to Ben Dinwiddie, February 18, 1918, at St. Joseph, Missouri. One son.

Gerold Leroy D.—Born June 22, 1925, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Roy Rush—Born December 4, 1901, St. Joseph, Missouri; died in infancy; buried in St, Joseph, Missouri.

Lottie Rush—Lives somewhere in Canada. Little is known of her.

John R. Campbell—Born August 21, 1852, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, Scotland; married Arletta Hadsel, December 5, 1877, at Weston, Nebraska. Five children—two sons, three daughters.

Josie Campbell—Born September 28, 1878; died July 13, 1880; buried at Wahoo, Nebraska.

Emma Campbell—Born November 14, 1880; died February 24, 1889; buried at Weston, Nebraska.

James Marquette Campbell—Born April 14, 1884; married Elizabeth Wakefield, July 26, 1905, at Wahoo, Nebraska. Three children—two sons, one daughter.

Dorothy Campbell—Born June 27, 1906, at Omaha, Nebraska; married Rupert Swan, April 2, 1930; live at Valley, Nebraska.

Lyle Campbell—Born October 17, 1908, at Norfolk, Nebraska; married Adeline Kriz, April 2, 1932.

Lyle Junior—Born June 30, 1930, at Wahoo, Nebraska.

William W. Campbell—Born March 26, 1914, at Wahoo, Nebraska.

Lila A. Campbell—Born August 12, 1886; married September 16, 1908, to W. H. Kirchman. Two sons, one daughter.

Arnold Kirchman—Born September 24, 1909, at Wahoo, Nebraska.

Arlene Kirchman—Born February 3, 1911, at Wahoo, Nebraska; married Claude Garret, July 15, 1933, at San Gabriel, California.

John Kirchman—Born September 26, 1912; now with Forest Reserve at Eugene, Oregon.

Don D. Campbell—Born September 29, 1889, at Wahoo, Nebraska; married April 20, 1916, to Gladys N. Gifford, at Madison, New York. One son, three daughters. He now conducts the Poultry Produce Co., Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Robert G. Campbell—Born March 26, 1918, at Wahoo, Nebraska.

Ruth M. Campbell—Born February 23, 1921, Omaha, Nebraska.

Gertrude Campbell—Born April 24, 1922, Omaha, Nebraska.

Barbara A. Campbell—Born November 12, 1927, Omaha, Nebraska.

Agnes Campbell—Born November 17, 1857, Lochgelly, Fifeshire, Scotland; married Frank Hering (farmer), March 17, 1881, at Wahoo, Nebraska. He was maimed, having had one arm torn off by a fodder shredder. One son, three daughters.

Gertrude Hering—Born December 29, 1884, at Weston, Nebraska; married John James McLeod (electrician) March 23, 1904, Lincoln, Nebraska. J. J. McLeod died in 1932; Gertrude lives in Compton, California. One son, one daughter.

Delma McLeod—Born February 8, 1905, at Rockyford, Colorado; married John D. Riggle, September 18, 1930, at Yuma, Arizona. No issue. Live in Compton, California.

Gilbert McLeod—Born August 3, 1906, at Lamar, Colorado; married Naomi Simonton, April 23, 1927, at Columbus, Ohio. Live in San Pedro, California.

Owen Hering—Only son of Agnes Campbell and Frank Hering; born December 28, 1886, at Weston, Nebraska; married Lettie Ritts, May 13, 1914, at O'Neill, Nebraska. No issue. Lives at 1158 West 10th St., Eugene, Oregon. Works at Union Pacific switch yards.

Grace Hering—Born June 21, 1893, at Weston, Nebraska. Never married. Seamstress. Lives with Mr. and Mrs. James Perkey (farmers), Filley, Nebraska.

Bertha Hering—Youngest daughter of Agnes Campbell and Frank Hering; born July 8, 1898, at Weston, Nebraska; died November 18, 1918, at East Helena, Montana; married Elmer LeRoy Sappenfield (railroader), August 31, 1914, at Butte, Montana. Three children.

Henry Clay Sappenfield—Born April 27, 1915, Helena, Montana; on ranch. Lives at Kelsey, Alberta, Canada.

Dean Elsworth Sappenfield—Born October 22, 1916, St. John's Hospital, Helena, Montana; died January 17, 1917, of whooping cough; buried at East Helena, Montana.

Elva Loraine Sappenfield—Born April 21, 1918, St. John's Hospital, Helena, Montana. Lives with aunt, Mrs. D. A. Alexander, 151 N. Main St., Meaderville, Butte, Montana.

Peter Campbell—Born April 28, 1863 (in Palace), Parish of Anchterderrn, Edinburgh, Lochgelly, Scotland; married Josie Webster, March 22, 1885, at Weston, Nebraska. Live at 1401 West St., Topeka, Kansas. (Printer) Two daughters, one son.

Ethel Campbell—Born December 9, 1885; married April 24, 1906, to Elmer Lilljeberg. One son, one daughter. Live at 38 So. Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

Lenore Lilljeberg—Born June 21, 1908, at Lincoln, Nebraska; married George L. Robinson, October 9, 1933, Billings, Montana.

Bernard Lilljeberg—Born April 16, 1911, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Daniel W. Campbell—Born May 18, 1891, at Rock Springs, Wyoming, (printer); married May 24, 1914, to L. Beatrice Houghton. Two children.

Gerald—Born September 9, 1919, at Sioux City, Iowa.

Lois Campbell—Born October 25, 1926, at Kansas City, Missouri. Live at 2924 Fontenelle Boulevard, Omaha, Nebraska.

Lethe Campbell—Born July 15, 1889, at Weston, Nebraska. Fell victim to the "flu" epidemic and has since been a paralytic. Never married; lives with her parents.

Daniel Campbell—Twin to Peter—Died March 24, 1928, at Welch, Oklahoma. Married at Shelbyville, Illinois, to Emma Stoner, January 11, 1897, who was born at Ashland, Ohio, October 15, 1877. Two children.

Josephine Pearl Campbell—Born February 22, 1899, at Cairo, Illinois; married Howard B. Allen, November 7, 1920. No issue.

John Richard Campbell—Born October 3, 1899, at Reinbeck, Iowa; married Blanche Aden, at Oswego, Kansas. One daughter.

Hollys Louise—Born October 24, 1922, at Welch, Oklahoma. All live at Welch, Oklahoma.

Elizabeth Campbell—Born May 9, 1865, (in Palace) Parish of Anchterderrn, Edinburgh, Lochgelly, Scotland; married Ora Hering, March 17, 1881, at Wahoo, Nebraska, in double ceremony with his brother and her sister. Elizabeth died in February, 1900; buried at Ceresco, Nebraska. Three sons, four daughters: Rachel, Ernest, Albert, Henry, Hazel, Myrtle, Ruth.

Ernest A. Hering, (garage owner)—Born May 10, 1882, Weston, Nebraska. Ernest was the first to show motion pictures in the United States Navy with which he was closely connected during his enlistment, and for several years afterwards in San Francisco. Married Vera Lenore Dammond, February 8, 1909, at San Diego, California. Three sons, one daughter. Died March 19, 1937.

Donald Robert Hering—Born July 5, 1910.

Delbert Ernest Hering—Born November 11, 1911.

Elvad Hering—Born December 3, 1915.

Letty Jane Hering—Born October 20, 1924.

Albert Hering, (School Professor), Second son—Born December 19, 1888, at O'Neil, Nebraska; married Lottie Emde, January 24, 1920, at Bloomfield, Nebraska. Two daughters.

Jean Elizabeth Hering—Born December 6, 1920, Lodgepole, Nebraska.

Joan Rachel Hering—Born January 31, 1924, Hemingford, Nebraska.

Henry Harrison Hering—Born July 17, 1889, at Raymond, Nebraska; married Sophia Jennie Eliason, March 7, 1910, at Lincoln, Nebraska. Works for the Union Pacific R. R.; lives at 3805 Grover St., Omaha, Nebraska. Four sons, Arthur, Raymond, Orville, and Ralph; one daughter, Gertrude.

Arthur Henry Hering—Born June 2, 1911, at Byron, California.

Gertrude Elizabeth Hering—Born May 12, 1913, at Galt, California; married Damon Larimore, October 1931, at Papillion, Nebraska. One daughter.

Marie Gertrude—Born 1932, Omaha, Nebraska.

Raymond Otto Hering—Born October 2, 1916, St. Paul, Nebraska.

Ralph Russel Hering—Born June 14, 1919, Garwood, Missouri.

Hazel Hering—Second daughter of Elizabeth and Ora Hering; born February 21, 1893, Lincoln, Nebraska; married Jesse Meng, February 16, 1911, at Lincoln, Nebraska. Farmers; live at St. Helena, Nebraska. Three sons, two daughters.

Henry A. Meng—Born November 24, 1911, at St. Helena, Nebraska.

Alfred J. Meng—Born November 22, 1913, at St. Helena, Nebraska.

Maxine L. Meng—Born September 1, 1925, St. Helena, Nebraska.

Isabel M. Meng—Born April 28, 1927, at Yankton, South Dakota.

Charles J. Meng—Born June 14, 1931, at St. Helena, Nebraska.

Myrtle Hering—Third daughter of Elizabeth and Ora Hering; born January 1, 1897, at Weston, Nebraska; married Albert Hurlbut, July 29, 1916, at David City, Nebraska. Farmers; live at Raymond, Nebraska. One son, three daughters.

Charles Hurlbut—Born March 27, 1918, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Claribel Hurlbut—Born December 10, 1919, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Alice Hurlbut—Born July 1, 1921, at Raymond, Nebraska.

Erma Hurlbut—Born January 2, 1923, at Raymond, Nebraska.

Rachel and Ruth—Eldest and youngest daughters of Elizabeth and Ora Hering, both died in infancy; Rachel buried at Lincoln, Nebraska; Ruth with her mother at Ceresco, Nebraska.

So stands the family tree January 1, 1934. Where, oh where do we go from here?

CONCLUSION

To-night, I sit alone and try to look into the future to see the end—the end of a long, long road. This has been a long journey. I have put in over two years trying to locate all of the Campbell relatives who were born in

America. I have written over 500 letters, each at 3c postage in hunting up the never ending kin, and have enjoyed it. I liked to get acquainted with our long lost relatives. I have found them in nearly every State in the Union, some in Canada, and one on a Pacific Island. But I did not find "airy" one who was or had been in prison. I sincerely hope that may always be true.

Have you all found your niche in life? There is something for each of you to do that you can do better than any one else. If you do not know where to search, or are unconcerned about it; it will never be done and you will be the loser. Don't let anyone deceive you, or discourage you. You were created for some definite purpose and it is up to you to find your field of greatest activity and begin your life's work. You can, if you will, determine and shape your destiny, and be "true-blue", model citizens.

It was our dear Mother's wish that this book should be written, and of course it fell to the eldest of the family to write it. Mother and brother Nelson put in many years writing and rewriting. I have listened to them for days at a time. Brother had all the data picked up, but why it never was put into book form I do not know.

One day while brother's family was away from home the house was broken into and robbed, and his trunk containing these papers was taken. He advertised and had hopes of getting these papers back, as he offered a very substantial reward with no questions asked, but all to no avail.

Little did we know that in one short hour without warning our brother would be gone, and gone forever.

The papers have never been heard from, and it was too far away for us to do much in the way of tracing them. But as it was our mother's wish that this book should be written, the responsibility must be assumed by another. So brother Lewis and I ask you to be charitable. We have done our best with the material at our command. Besides the vast store houses of information—the American libraries—we have sought help from the Scottish libraries and Societies of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Yet, it is not complete, and I much fear, never will be.

We wish to thank you, one and all, who have given us help in our long, weary search and hope that in the next generation this book will be rewritten and kept up to date as long as the Scottish blood may be found in their veins.

We wish again to thank those of you who have helped us to make this book a success, and as a last request I ask you to read the Eleventh Commandment, John 13:34: That ye also love one another.

And now, good bye, and may God bless you all.

—Christina Dunlap Dugger.

PIONEERS

Out along the far horizon,
Over the great Northwestern plain,
Lumbering covered wagons journeying
Through the heat, the dust, the rain.

For the hardships were so many
That these people had to face,
But their courage led them onward,
Till they reached their destined place.

Thus our life is one great journey,
Like those pioneers of the sod
We are traveling down the highway,
Down the trail that leads to God.

Plodding, ever plodding onward,
Down this very narrow trail,
With a pioneering courage,
With a faith that never fails.

Thus we reach our destinations,
Like those pioneers of the sod
We have conquered over hardships
And our souls are home with God.

—Amanda Klemme.

They fashioned them a little home,
And planted it 'round with flowers;
Then sat they down in peace,
To spend their reclining hours.

Till the Angel's slender fingers
Plucked the moon-light from the night;
And took the weary waiters home,
In his silent, slumbering flight.

"Is there any more here" said the angel,
As he rapped at the moon-lit door;
"No more," answered the Echo,
As the moon lighted the floor.

CHAPTER X

"Them Was the Happy Days"

By N. C. Dunlap

Published in The Nebraska Farmer, March 22, 1930

Both my parents settled in Nebraska when it was a Territory. Mother came direct from Scotland to St. Joseph, Missouri, then the end of the railroad, by steamboat to Nebraska City, and the rest of the way to what is now Doniphan by horse and wagon. That was in 1865.

Father also left the railroad behind at St. Joseph. He was a government surveyor and came to help survey Hall and Buffalo counties in 1866. He afterwards cut ties ahead of the Union Pacific, and in 1868 taught the first school at Lancaster (now Lincoln) which then consisted of two sod houses and a blacksmith shop. In 1869 he settled on a preemption in Butler county where he resided for sixty years, fifty-two of which he served Richardson precinct as Justice of the Peace.

In 1870 two very important events took place. My father received an appointment from the United States Government as Postmaster of the Lone Star post office. His commission and the records of that office, showing the amount of incoming and outgoing mail are now part of the Nebraska Historical Museum. That old 1870 post office report tells much. The average incoming mail was less than five pieces per week while the outgoing was about one-half that much.

The other important event in 1870 was that I was born. The little house where I was born was built of logs covered with clapboards, a puncheon floor, a one-sash window in the north and a single piece of glass, 8 x 10 inches, in the east wall. The cracks were chinked with hay and mud. It was strong and warm.

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away."

That poem by Thomas Hood is in part O. K. The days were never long nor too many of them, but the last line is all pop corn.

On arrival in Nebraska Territory, both my parents had more or less trouble with the Indians, but after I got on the job there was no more of that. Many Indians passed our house and once in a while one would make a nuisance of himself, but the most of them tended strictly to their own business.

A POOR MAN'S COUNTRY

At that time Nebraska was earning for itself the name of "a poor man's country." Everybody was poor, the only difference being some were poorer than others. The soil was easily worked and very fertile; it had to be or the settlers would not have made a living. Farming implements were feeble and few.

Money was very scarce or none at all, but surplus farm products could be disposed of by barter and trade and in exchange you got something you wanted but did not have.

By the time the crime of '73 was committed, I was old enough not only to remember many things which then happened, but to do my part in making a living. In order to have our corn ground into meal for making bread we took it to Nebraska City, 75 miles over roads which followed the lines of least resistance, crossing creeks without bridges. There was corn bread all the time. My mother was a genius; she could make as many kinds of corn bread as Heinz makes pickles. There were times when our supply of mill-ground corn ran low and my first recollection of work was cracking corn, one kernel at a time, on an old flatiron with a hair-lipped claw hammer. It took a long time to prepare enough corn for a mess by that process; but I did not wear out the clock to see if I had worked long enough, for we had no clock, and besides I was working by the job. No work, no meal; no meal, no mush; no mush, no supper.

A little wheat was grown at that time; it was usually full of smut. The poorly equipped mill made poor flour, very dark in color, and bread made from it tasted like the next day after a Sangerfest. And so most people preferred corn cooked in several and sundry ways.

Our folks always planted and cared for a large garden. Root crops were stored in pits for future reference. Pumpkins were stewed for several days, and rich and brown, packed in open jars where it kept without spoiling. Other pumpkins were cut into rings and after the rind was removed were hung on poles to dry, after which they were stored in cloth sacks. Watermelon juice, boiled down, made a sweet syrup called melon larup; not boiled so much, it eventually turned to vinegar. For tea we gathered the leaves of various shrubs which grew upon the prairie. Coffee

was made of parched corn. Part of the time we had milk.

We got our soda by taking burning corn-cobs out of the fire at the right time so they would turn to a white ash. When we needed some salt, did my folks give me a dime and tell me to run to the grocery and get a sack full? For two good reasons, no: there was no dime, and there was no grocery. We hitched our mules to the old lynch-pin and drove to the marshes west of Lincoln and scraped up a load of dark grey soil and took it home. Mixing it in water, it was allowed to stand until part of the dirt and sand had settled to the bottom, drained off and strained through a cloth to get out grass roots, after which it was boiled down. We then had salt.

GAME WAS PLENTIFUL

Every well regulated family had chicken traps made of slats and sticks with a flip-flop top, in which prairie-chickens were caught alive. We sorted out the fat young ones for home consumption and turned the old ones loose. We caught quail, rabbits and "other things" with a figure four trap, the "other thing" sometimes proving to be a skunk, which meant a new trap. There were fish in the creeks and small ponds. Occasionally an antelope or deer was shot or a long distance hunter traded out a hunk of buffalo meat or bucketfull of animal fat. We knew where to gather a load of walnuts in the fall. There was plenty of wood for fuel growing along the streams. All ashes were saved and leached to get lye from which, together with any animal fat unfit for food, soap was made, sometimes hard and sometimes soft, depending on the strength of the lye.

There were many things which modern youngsters enjoy that we lost out on. But there is one thing we seldom missed: bath time came occasionally, too occasionally to suit me. "You young ones get a bath today," was a preliminary warning. "Oldest first," that

meant me. I'd park myself in a wash tub containing three inches of water. "Shut your eyes and keep them shut!" Spat! would come a handfull of soft soap on top of my head. Using a woolen rag in lieu of a sponge, my mother always did a thorough job back of my ears and every place; she never missed a thing. That soap was powerful stuff, sure enough, and if I opened my mouth in verbal protest I got a taste I will never forget. If any of it percolated into my mouth or eyes I hollered like a blue jay.

For a house light we sometimes used an old brass kerosene lamp when we had fuel for it. Sometimes we burned animal fat in a home-made grease lamp but our usual light came from the wood fire in the stove. Many a night I've sat "by the firelight's glimmering glow and fantastic shadows upon the wall."

For clothes I usually had some of my father's worn-outs, scaled down an octave or two; a home-made straw hat in summer, and a cap with ear flaps as large as a saucer, all made from part of a home tanned beaver hide for winter. I went barefooted from very early in the spring to very late in the fall.

I learned to know my alphabet by studying letters cut from The Nebraska Farmer and pasted on a clapboard. Aided and abetted by mother, I was taught to read out of a dog-eared "McGuffey's Second Reader." In later years I've fooled away a lot of time gathering together a library of first editions and queer old books, but there is one volume I will never find. That shingle primer is forever gone; it was unique.

By the time I was five years old I could not do as much work as a man, but I could eat as much as one, and I've made a hand at that ever since. I've certainly stowed away a lot of food in my time. Its always been the best I could get. I've eaten many meals cooked with skill and care and served with all the niceties which those who cater to elite clients know how to bestow, but I never get the real enjoyment out

of it which I had when I stuck my sun-tanned, stone-bruised, briar-scratched feet under a rough board table and filled my little "tummie" jam-full of black-eyed peas and dried pumpkin.

Oh, Boy, "Them Was the Happy Days."

CORNMEAL

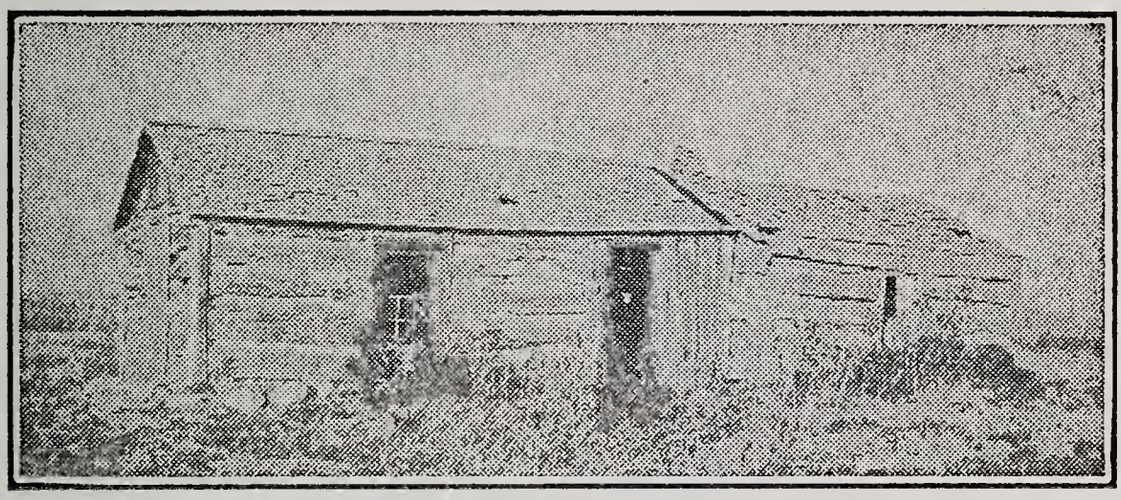
The poets have sung in their beautiful song
Of good things to eat for ever so long;
They've sung of potatoes, of peas and tomatoes,
  Of mutton, of pork and of veal;
Of milk and of honey—but isn't it funny
  That they have neglected cornmeal?

Cornmeal was the food of our fathers, you know,
And back to that food we should all gladly go,
For the high cost of living is causing misgiving;
  So, comrades, to you I appeal—
Get back to corn dodgers, ye modernized codgers,
  And eat your own home-made cornmeal.

Just think of cornmeal and the things it will make!
How close to us all and how easy to bake!
Just think of the muffins, the chittlin's and stuffin's,
  And doesn't the thinking reveal
That these and pot liquor will hit the spot quicker
  With water-ground, home-made cornmeal?

Then join us in singing cornmeal a song—
The product that made our grandfathers so strong;
Yes, join us in singing, in chanting and ringing,
  With all of our national zeal,
The praises of dishes that fill our food wishes,
  And's made of our matchless cornmeal!

V. O. Rankin.



THE OLD SOD SCHOOLHOUSE

CHAPTER XI

A DAY IN THE '70'S

By Christina Dugger

Once on a cold autumn morning a child stood knee deep in the chill wet grass tending the cows for an hour before school time, that they might feed on the ungrazed grass by the roadside that had not been pastured during the summer, unmindful of the song of the larks that sang their farewells to the countryside ere they departed before the threat of bitter winter desolation. Taut and fixed the child stood as if in a trance, listening, hearing clearly words, phrases and deep whisperings that could not have been audible to an adult. It was the call of the wild, the Red God's call, the call of the gipsy road. Tense she stood, gazing far away, far beyond the scope of human vision, gazing with unseeing eyes toward the West, beyond which the rough

rutted wagon trail disappeared over the hill on its meandering way toward the vague, mysterious, far beyond.

Where did it go? What myriads of strange scenes did it pass by the way? Adventure, with wild beast and savage, across the rolling prairies to the mountains far away, across plains, through forests, among stern rocky crags, and across rushing rivers; mysterious rivers that were forever hurrying on to that more mysterious place, the sea; the sea, that age-old, never-changing yet ever-changing sea, heaving, restless, mysterious sea peopled with great stately ships with their clouds of snowy sails; ships larger than the covered wagons that rolled on toward them, ships like the wagons that seemed to come out of the nowhere and, rolling past, roll on into nowhere; ships that carried things such as plows, stoves, and even chicken coops; great ships on which people could ride. Maybe some would be like the one that had brought mother and Uncle John, yes and all the rest, grandmother, grandfather, and oh a lot more, Aunt Jen, and Aggie, Uncle Pete and Dan, and there was Aunt Libbie, too, but surely she was little then and didn't hardly count.

Yes, where did it go and what did it see? Would that she, yes, it was a girl, might follow it to the end of her dreams,and see with her own eyes the scenes of which she could but dream in the far off places, where men were men and women never grew old, where life in the raw was always mild and the people always lived in a fairyland of stern reality, where the buffalos wandered on their uncontested way, where the Indians, cowboys and pioneer farmers followed each his own individual pursuit.

I see her yet, as I was then, for it was no other than myself standing in the cold wet grass that morning and dreaming, gazing to the West where the wagon trail dipped for a short space into a slough in which there was a trickle of a stream, watering bogs of cattails and ladyslippers. In this rill were minnows, and

at certain seasons of the year tadpoles were also to be found and if you were lucky you might find a young turtle, gay in its new yellow and green shell, and friendly with the conceit of youth. Along the low banks of this slough grew water willows, in clumps, as did the squawberries where the rabbits hid, and sumacs, which now held aloft their scarlet torches of acid sharp berries above the surrounding gaudy, autumn-tinted foliage.

That slough was the western boundary of my world and what might lie beyond was enough to make any one dream. I was not exceptional, I was only normal, so I dreamed, too. That boundary was as truly the limit to which I might go as if it had been the fabled "jumping off place." Beyond, the land was peopled with savages, venomous reptiles, and wierd things called "whiffets." About the poisonous snakes I have learned more than once to my everlasting sorrow, but what "whiffets" are, I am not so sure, no doubt some near relative to the Bogey Man. There were three things, yea verily, four, against which we were warned early and often: snakes, cyclones, blizzards, and of all things, earthquakes. I have learned of all of them by personal contact, and find that the most of those early admonishments were logic, and conscientiously given.

The spell has been broken and I must return to the more humdrum realities of the day. I would hear mother calling that it was time to drive the cows back into the pasture for the day but I would have no time to pay much attention to the calves that would stand ogle-eyed staring at me for an instant, then with a miniature snort go racing ahead in mimic terror. My mind was full of the coming events of the day, and I would absent mindedly whack a patient old cow that would hesitate to grasp just one more bite of grass before they were confined. Poor old "Whitie," that faithful mainstay of our childhood. I see her yet: pure white, long legged, long horned, mother superior to our future cattle. Many were the pats of butter

and drinks of good milk that she supplied for us youngsters. She lived, throve, and did her best for us until the most of us were grown. Old, bony and decrepit, though pensioned, she passed away in her twenty-fourth year. If there be such a thing as a cow heaven, I am sure she will be admitted without question.

Mother would have a noon lunch prepared from her scanty assortment for her restless brood to take to school. Each of us was early given responsibilities about the farm and garden, this being before the days when the nursery was in full swing, and which formed the major industry of the place in later years. Brother Nelson, having finished his usual stint of chores about the place, which might be anything from stable work to grinding corn in the coffee mill for our evening meal, or perhaps if he was particularly ambitious, to grind enough for several meals or even days, and my older sister, Agnes, or as she was generally termed by us, "Aggie" (which I believe is the Scotch diminutive for Agnes), also having completed her morning duties about the house, the three of us would trudge off to school.

The schoolhouse stood on a hill about a mile to the east, just beyond another small creek. It was not too far, just a good jaunt in good weather but plenty far in winter when the snow was deep or the very air would pop with the cold, far enough in either case to make us appreciate sitting down and keeping quiet for a while after school had been taken up. No matter how far any of the scholars had to come, one and all were ready to romp and play, usually of rather a rough order, as soon as school would be dismissed at recess. Intermissions were given in the middle of both the morning and afternoon sessions, which were always held from 9:00 to 12:00 noon and from 1:00 until 4.00, daily, rain or shine, five days a week.

Our teachers, of which during the course of many years there were quite a few, certainly were varied, to say the least. I have often regretted the fact that,

while opportunity afforded, I did not, by some means fair or foul, secure a likeness of each. What a glamorous panorama of youthful memories they would bring back to me.

School was called promptly at 9 o'clock, the scholars being summoned by a hand bell which, like the timepiece, the teacher supplied. Those bells were a chime in themselves, varying in pitch or key with every new teacher, and ranged from a tinkle to a clang. One teacher had one that was cracked and refused to ring at all, but emitted a sound that might be translated as "tickie, tickie, tickie." Nevertheless, we all knew what it meant and responded as readily as if it had been a carillon. I have stated that school was called at nine. That meant nine by the teachers' timepiece, right or wrong, not by any recognized standard of time as it is today, for it was not until 1883 that there was any uniform attempt to standardize time dividing the whole country into zones with a jump of one hour each, all the time in each zone to be equal. Then we had "sun time" and "railroad" time, as the main authorities, variance being some times as much as one-half hour, with as many as a dozen lesser sources between. Such irregularity caused no end of confusion in the older and more populous sections. Some teachers had "real watches," others tin alarm clocks, perhaps set by intuition on Monday morning after it had run down over the week end, to receive a correction provided the day be fair, at noon to the meridian, from the shadow cast by the sun on the floor. This crude sun dial would be as much out of place today as was the tin alarm clock then. What were a few minutes one way or the other, anyway, when there was all of eternity ahead of us, unused? We were not so fussy then.

To our studies, it is time! The equipment to further our education was not of the best, nor extensive, nor of any standard publication, neither was there any well filled library for reference research as is the com-

mon thing today. That was, you must remember, the day when each scholar was obliged to furnish the books from which they studied, and furnish them they did, but as there was little attempt and less opportunity to obtain a uniform publication, the result was little short of a panic. Sometimes one of our classes would recite from as many as three or four different books, and the various books were a benefit rather than a hindrance, as we benefited by the contents of the fits as well as the misfits, exchanges being made among the scholars for that express purpose. So great was our desire to absorb the education they contained that we attacked them with a vim and vigor that bid fair to fully annihilate the source as the evidences that survive bear mute testimony. I do not mean to cast any reflections on the youth of today. I think that they are wonderful, but are they making all the use possible of the golden opportunities that the present school system affords? It was not until the fall term of 1888 that our school was equipped with a complete set of uniform text books, which included "Harper's Readers." We were not classed by grades but rather by "readers," and through these the pupil by due diligence advanced from year to year, if he was fortunate enough to be able to attend school long enough to finish the series.

During intermissions we played such games as "black man, "darebase," "anty over," "run sheep run," "London's bridge," and "last couple out," which could be played by any number. The whole school might take part, the more the merrier. These were games that necessitated much muscular activity, thus working off the surplus ambition of youth..

When the sexes showed signs of amusing themselves separately, the boys invariably chose rougher games, such as town ball, if any one of their number was fortunate enough to possess a ball (home-made of course), any cudgel serving as a bat, choosing up sides and playing with as much "to do" as if the nation's

future depended on the outcome; or mumble peg, (if any one had a knife). Failing in this highly important equipment there were always others to fall back on, such as "run-hop-step-jump, foot-and-a-half," games of prowess, or "shinney" where bruised shins were the order of the day and always accepted as an aftermath. The girls chose more refined pastimes such as "keeping house," the various rooms being outlined with stones, or miniature farms on which the different animals could be fashioned from the component parts of milkweed pods and "shoestring" twigs. "Buffalo peas" made the fattest sleekest, little pigs imaginable. The barns and corrals we built up log cabin fashion from weeds and coarse grass stems. There was never as much time to spend at play as we wished and what time was ours we must spend to the fullest, before the bell would ring, calling us back to reality and our studies.

Sister Patience, being younger, often interfered with the play of us three older children at home and to overcome this we devised a rather drastic scheme to rid ourselves of her sometimes annoying presence. We would tie her in something wide (as I once heard an old Scotch woman describe it), tieing a sheet, sack or whatever to the top of a bent over small tree, allowing the tree to spring up again as far as possible with its load. At one fell swoop we not only kept her out of harm's way but out of ours, until such time as our play time should pass. Our parents learning of the procedure, immediately put a damper on all future escapades of the kind, and for no small reason either.

Once we found a rattlesnake that had crawled into a gopher hole, presumably to extract the gopher for its dinner, leaving only the tip of its tail exposed. We tied a string about the tail and while one of us stood by with a club, another was to drag it forth to destruction. Here again parental intervention in the nick of time, perhaps forestalled serious consequences. Money could not hire me to be a party to such a proceeding

now, for after a more intimate acquaintance with snakes, I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing on this earth that will so quickly and completely chill your ambitions as the whizz of a rattler.

School was dismissed at four o'clock, and we must all hurry home unless some one was "kept in" as punishment for some infraction of the rules covering peace and dignity, but not severe enough to entail the supreme penalty of a switching, and switch the teacher did sometimes. The recipient of one of these thrashings always received another just like it on arriving home—double or nothing. We must scoot home to our evening chores, across the creek where we sometimes braved consequences and fished for minnows with a thread and bent pin, or hunted "gum rocks" in the gravel patches that dotted the banks. We have some of those pebbles yet and know them by their rightful names, agates.

Our parents kept a watchful eye on the forces of nature and should a storm arise, were uneasy until we were sighted or they had come to meet us on the way. Cyclones and blizzards were much more common those days than now and, as a matter of precaution, each school had as a part of its equipment, an underground room roofed over with logs and sod, known as the "cyclone cave" or "cyclone cellar," and by either name the place was to be used as a refuge in case of a "twister," or prairie fire roaring along through the tall grass, destroying or driving everything before it, as it rushed with express train speed before a gale that only Nebraska winds can blow. Those caves saved many from horrible deaths. Our barometers were the animals and fowls. Students of their traits all know that there is a pronounced coordination between climatic changes and animal actions. Cats are more active and do more scampering about before an unusual wind; cattle are playful, even childishly so, before a storm, particularly a rain; hogs will pile up great beds of

grass, leaves, straw or any loose dry material before a cold snap, and so on.

After an evening of odd jobs, which varied with the seasons, we would have our evening meal of corn bread, cornmeal mush and really, truly milk. My how good it used to taste, yum-yum. Those *were* the happy days!

Much change has taken place since then. The old schoolhouse is gone and, I will venture to say, there is a scant dozen who can point out the place where it stood. The miles and miles of billowing bluestem grass is no more and in its place are well ordered farms and carefully tended fields; where our cows once grazed is a town; the family is scattered far, some never to return. I can not even tell what has become of most of our old schoolmates. So passes the old order.

Oh to see the deer and antelope dart away on their slim nimble legs; to hear again the twittering bark of the prairie dog, that ape of the rodent world, that was at once so busy and so useless.

Since then I have many times crossed and recrossed the intervening miles to the blue Pacific, the mountains and deserts that lie between, and seen the sights of which I dreamed. They are grand, beautiful, and thrill for a day, but their glamor has faded. I have each time returned more content than ever with the land of my birth, secure in the belief that there is no place like home.

Much or little that I now possess, I would give it all gladly if, for the remainder of my days, I could again be that little girl who watched the cows on that cold, wet, autumn morning. Oh, for one short day to roam over the hills, picking wild flowers, watching the pretty birds; or to swing on the willow boughs; sing our Scotch songs, with all of us together. Those were the "Happiest Days." But, alas, those days are gone and gone to never, no never, return.

APPENDIX

Prelude to "We"

Suffice to say that the first Dunlap to cross the intervening terrain separating the Atlantic seaboard from the then unexplored and mysterious hinterland, came in the company of that intrepid backwoodsman, Daniel Boone. His offspring later pressed on to newer fields farther on in Kentucky, later, to Missouri, Illinois and Nebraska.

Perhaps there are some who would wish to censor me for thus lightly touching on a subject that would, in ordinary family tales, be of vital importance. Let me offer in defense the precedent established in the book of Genesis, where the history of the whole universe is told in two hundred and fifty words.

If this momentous occasion can be so lightly disposed of, why should I be taken to task for so brief a mention of this later and lesser catastrophe. L. C. D.

With all due respect to "Lindy"

We, the children of James Polk Dunlap and Christina Campbell (Dunlap), of which, now in the youth of the year 1934, there are living, the three daughters, Agnes, Christina, and Patience; and one son, the more or less black sheep (by himself considered a sort of scape-goat), Lewis—he who inherited his full share of Scotch head and Gipsy feet; he who early learned the weight of various hands wielded by elder members of the family, who one and all, assumed a sort of protectorate over the latest arrival, and who seemed so inadequate and helpless, that in their zealousness to bend the young twig in their own divers trends, the ultimate result was little short of complete disaster. Ah—too many cooks, indeed!

Our younger days were not all carefree and easy, as they appear back through the retrospective of bygone years, like looking through a fieldglass in reverse—no, not by a jug-full.

Our childhoods were never happy—resigned seems a much more descriptive adjective—for we were never hungry or ragged.

The daily fare, although monotonous, was wholesome and of a character that the land afforded and we fared little worse nor better than the average run of children of other pioneers.

The menu seemed to revolve about that great basic grain so conducive to strong bodies and clear minds (either of man or beast)—corn. Corn, that marvelous gift of nature which played so important though prosaic a part in the winning and developing of the North American continent.

I stated that our menu revolved around corn as a basis, but on second thought I contend that corn in its many guises, rotated in a sort of parade about our menu, would be a much more accurate expression.

Mush was an able standby for supper, as the evening meal was then universally known. Mush, mush,

mush, (drivers of dog teams take note) day after day, weeks on end, often for breakfast, sometimes with milk, nearly as often without, but nearly always with black sorghum molasses which was not always as young as it once had been; the main variation being its color, as that of a chameleon, assuming that of its background—the latest batch of cornmeal. The corn bread that so staunchly retained its identity and remained cornbread, for a change, would at times be white, red, yellow, or on rare occasions blue, according to the color of the corn from which the meal was made. Often enough this meal was ground in an old coffee mill fastened to the post that held up the chimney. That one must have been the only coffee-grinder of that pattern ever made for I have never seen its equal. These periodic changes of color no more affected the food value or wholesomeness of the diet than a mask changes an individual, yet it served in one respect—it did give variety, and that only.

Then there was hominy, another dish whose dietetic value is too often underestimated. How many of you who have eaten home-made hominy, hulled with home-made lye, leached from ashes carefully hoarded in a hollow log covered with old newspapers, will ever forget the taste? It does not compare with the hominy of today that has been blatantly commercialized far beyond its old time flavor and the olden intimacy of manufacture.

Then came parched corn, popped corn, fried meal, corn pone, corn dodgers and corn cakes, all lesser lights, in that rotation. Then with a sort of shuffling and a rearrangement of sequences the parade would again proceed. Yes, I believe I am still correct in saying that corn revolved about our menu. I must have been at least seven or eight years of age before I positively knew what wheat bread really was. Nor yet, at my age, is there any distaste for corn in any guise as food in its mighty paragon. I am confident that to none of us did any product of corn ever lose its savor. At

least it never did for me for I still relish corn bread, cornmeal mush, or any of its kindred.

Potatoes too, when obtainable, also made an important prop. But their perishable qualities and uncertain productiveness in years of drouth, made them a dish conspicuous by their absence. We had them, we ate them, or went without; and came through as healthy as could be reasonably expected so there is no cause for complaint. We were always counseled not to sigh for the things that were not, or could not be. Yearnings only bred discontent, dissatisfaction, and discord, which in turn begat wilder disorders which fed not neither did they clothe. We early learned the meaning of the word "frugality."

On red letter days (or were they only pink ones) we often had a pottage of home dried apples, which mother had carefully salvaged from the meagre supply of the previous summer and fall and dried by stringing the pared pieces on a twine and hanging in the sun where they soon took on a leathery hue that deepened as the drying progressed until the finished product was a wonder to behold, and never improved with cooking, but how good they did taste! Whether I would appreciate a mess of them now is another story. Maybe my taste has changed from those earlier days as truly as has my body. Who knows, or can find out?

The expounders of modern diet with all its complicated theories of balanced rations of calories, vitamins, proteins and a formidable array of what-nots, would stand aghast at such a diet for growing children. And by all their formulas we should have been destined for an early end, afflicted with every ill known to man, that could be packed into the human frame between the extremes of ingrowing toenails and falling hair.

Perhaps, in my ignorance, I do not see eye to eye with science in its maze of intricate theories, admitting as I do that I would not recognize a hermone or a vitamin—which seldom, if ever, and perhaps to their

credit, get beyond the A-B-C class—should I by the merest chance meet one in broad daylight on life's highway. However, I do contend that Mother Nature knows more secrets than mere man will ever know, and that they advance some far-fetched theories that in every day practice appear to be only so much good natured hooey, for I note that weaklings are the ones who most often regale themselves with the so-called "health foods" of modern commerce. There are more weaklings today, proportionately, than there were then. Why? Nature has not changed and is not liable to.

Another article of our daily diet that should not be lost sight of, was a well meaning and goodly sprinkling of proverbs. As I recount them I see a leaning to proverbs that had thrift and conservation as their basic morals, for example: "Waste not, want not"; "A penny saved is a penny earned"; or, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." The economical tenor of this strain was often interspersed with a discordant note such as: "A fool and his money are soon parted"; "Listen twice and speak once." A prime favorite was "Spare the rod and spoil the child," a proverb that was religiously adhered to in word and deed, none of us ever suffering for lack of that invigorating tonic, "willow tea."

Our lives ran concurrently with the years of greatest mechanical progress, and the greatest changes in a given time that the world has ever witnessed took place during this period. We saw the last of the Indians, buffalo, free range and ox-wagons, and we also saw the days between the post rider and the air mail. I, myself, have seen a team of twenty-four yoke of cattle—forty-eight head of steers in one team. What a team, oh *what* a team! Can you visualize such a sight, my reader?

We witnessed the advent of more inventions, more radical changes in the mode, manner and ease of living, more improved manners of transportation and speed of communication, in fact, more changes in every walk

of life than were seen in all the vaunted years of Methuselah's life. All of this transition from the primitive to the marvelous has been present in one lifetime.

Collectively, we have crossed and recrossed our country many times, from East to West, North to South, and beyond its boundaries, too, from the eternal ice of northern glaciers to perpetual summer and rattling palms of the tropics. We have not made history worthy of note, but we have seen the history of others in the making—and much of it.

From ox wagons making from two to three miles an hour to aeroplanes with speeds of over three hundred miles per hour, has been only one of the great changes that have taken place. The transition from Indians and milling thousands of buffalo to beautiful cities, prosperous farms and bountiful orchards, smacks of legerdemain and would confuse an Aladdin.

The time in years has been short, one average lifetime. Many there are today who cut their teeth on a hunk of buffalo "jerkie." Perhaps a notable example of the trend of modern advancement is found in the travels of that intrepid pioneer, Ezra Meeker, of Oregon Trail fame, who first crossed the "plains" in an ox wagon, later in an automobile of the "twin six" type, and still later he crossed in an aeroplane, declaring that if he lived to see a faster mode of travel he would cross again that way. Alas, like the rest, he too must go the way of all flesh, mourned, missed, and too soon all but forgotten. The part that these pioneers played in life, the pattern that their deeds helped to form in the great tapestry of history, under the invisible guiding hand of the Infinite, shall never be lost. Were these dauntless pioneers created for the express purpose of the part that they played in the warp and woof of life as Fate plies the shuttle, weaving the pattern that requires us all as threads in her loom? Who knows?

Our educations, such as they were, were obtained in the country schools of the day, augmented by an

intensified course of home study unlike any today. Schools were presided over by a succession of teachers who came, conquered and departed, some for one term, some for more. Our attendance was more or less intermittent depending on the stress of farm or nursery work at home. All in all, it sufficed to the extent that as a sort of mental topping off, Nelson had a year at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. The three girls received Normal diplomas from various institutions, and Lewis two years in the engineering course at the University of Nebraska. Nelson, after a few years' connection with the State Experimental Farm at Lincoln, was for twelve years foreman and manager of Watson's Ranch at Kearney, Nebraska. The three girls, in succession, became country school teachers with attendant experiences and doubtful successes in teaching the young ideas. "The Kid," if he had been left to the dictates of his early desires might have become a surgeon, or at least an M. D. Parental dictations leaned towards the Bar, but the opposition bore no worthy fruit, only smothering the medical aspirations. His life as yet has seen no highlights of success, no honors have been his, and his only aim apparently was to be proficient in his chosen lines of endeavor.

Entertainment was a vital subject, if not a problem, in those earlier days. There was the ever present possibility of a country dance (they, like the motion to adjourn, were always in order) and these dances have been the focus of social functions for pioneers for generations, anywhere and everywhere. The dances would be attended by young and old, who would come for miles around. Horse flesh was cheap and time was often nil. Fain would they "dance all night, 'till broad daylight, and go home with the girls in the morning." Many a sod house shook with the merriment that was dispelled when the dance broke up with a fight "twixt rival swains ere morn." Some one to play the fiddle or organ well enough for the dancers to keep time, and enough people to form a "set" was always

provocation enough to start something. By parental decree we were never allowed to attend any of these dances (at least no attendance ever received parental sanction); they were absolutely taboo, and perhaps it has proved just as well, for even at this late date, although I adhere to the Darwin theory, I can see no plausible need to get out on a dance floor in the face of the public.

"Literaries," at which each one was supposed to contribute something in the way of entertainment, on demand, was another popular social function. The local talent "on display" at these gatherings was never of a glowing order, but they did their best and usually every participant was given a cheer more often for the endeavor than for theatrical success, even though it might be followed by a sigh of relief. Debating at these meetings on the old time subjects was often rather a spirited affair: "Resolved, that umpty, umpty, ahem—we of ah, we of the negative affirm," etc., for hours. This was written up next day in the best journalistic style by the "Pencil Pusher of Buck Slough," or "Ye scribe of Stringtown," as "A Rural Correspondent's" contribution to some struggling editor and to appear later among the bucolic news. The Scotch are not the only ones whose joy was often cheap, and cheery.

Sunday Schools were held in the schoolhouse, as the only available meeting place. These Sunday Schools led a precarious and spasmodic existence, supported by local talent of wavering enthusiasm. One meeting might yield a full house while perhaps the following Sunday would bring together a baker's dozen of all ages. The financial life stream of the school would fluctuate in direct proportion to the attendance, one collection yielding the grand total of 6c, in two coins. Being secretary for one year, and at that particular time, I should know whereof I speak.

Often in summer, the schoolhouse was used as a meeting place by a religious sect which in later years

I have been unable to classify, but were known to us then as "Hard Shells," a sect that banned all musical instruments from houses of worship as they would the evil one. Without instrumental accompaniment they sang their praises to Jehovah, each one with his or her own conception of time and tune, and what was lacking in melody was made up in added volume, aided and abetted by the transient preacher who seldom knew more about music than was compulsory and whose attitude plainly said that "might made right." The result was awe-inspiring. I shall not comment on the sincerity of these offerings but their uproar made a lasting impression on my young mind. Often as a child I sat, pop-eyed no doubt, through these outbursts of melodious din and wondered if God really enjoyed listening to the hub-bub that could be easily heard for a mile of mortal ears, and if so I marveled at his taste.

Skip-to-ma-loo parties were another prime favorite, at which the games were played that entailed the same figures and foot work as the square dance, but the participants salved their consciences by a change in the method of holding the rhythm. Instead of a fiddler scraping out "The Irish Washer-woman," or "Turkey In the Straw," they would sing or chant such enlightening ditties as "Old Dan Tucker," "Skip-to-ma-loo My Darling," "In the Merry Month of May," or "Black-eyed Susie Brown." These parties were held hither and yon over the country, as were the dances, and like the dances, often impromptu. And "good times were reported by all."

I would like to recount an anecdote from each of our lives but will content myself with one, only because of the scientific phenomena. It was the storm on the 12th of January, 1888, that took such an appalling toll of life as it bore down across the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas. The day broke clear and bright, even warm for the season. Agnes and Christina went to school as usual, the schoolhouse being on a hill top about one and a half miles southeast of where Dwight

now stands. Nelson, Patience and Lewis, for reasons, were not in school that day.

By noon the sky was overcast and shortly after a drizzle began which by two o'clock turned to snow followed by a rising wind and a temperature drop of some forty degrees. All over the state the teachers were nominally in charge of pupils "en loco parentis." Some teachers realized their predicament and kept cool; some became panicky and dismissed school, as they thought the pupils might arrive home before the storm became dangerous. Most of those who did not become bewildered in the terrible blasts arrived in safety. But the storm grew worse so rapidly that many became utterly lost and froze, to be found weeks later. Some teachers tied the scholars together with anything available, themselves leading the way and dragging such as they could, assisted by older ones. Most of these reached safety with rarely more than frost bites to sundry fingers and toes.

Some who had scholars from over a wide area and had sufficient fuel, kept their charges at the schoolhouses pending arrival of help from parents. In the latter group was the teacher in our district. At four o'clock it was dark with snow blowing thick and furious, and a half hour later it was impossible to see at arm's length. Father was absent from home that day, and as the girls did not put in their appearance in due time the duty fell to Nelson, then a strapping lad of sixteen, to find out why. By striking due east for about a half mile it was possible for him to reach a barbed wire fence that bounded a portion of the Miller and Redfield Ranch. Then by following the fence through various meanderings he would eventually arrive some one hundred feet from the schoolhouse. On reaching the fence he was met by a most unusual phenomenon (not fully understood until quite recently). Fire, as he described it, flew out of the wire at him in a bright dazzling spray whenever he attempted to approach it to be sure of his location. It must have been

most disconcerting, to say the least, to follow a fence not knowing just how far he had wandered from or towards the wire until a sizzling flash revealed its location.

Thus he fought his way up hill and down to the schoolhouse where he found everyone safe, with a good fire and the teacher valiantly doing her bit to uphold the morale of the scholars. Now that all was well at the school, Nelson must return home, much as he had come, to allay fears of the waiting ones. This he did, and the following morning he returned to the school equipped to return the girls safely. The teacher's name, as I remember it, was Miss Estella Scott; whither or whence I know not. Among my mementoes is a chromo card, such as was very common in the schools of the day, bearing the words, "Reward of Merit—Miss Scott, Teacher." By that name she will always be remembered by me.

The crackling static flame from that fence was as naught compared to the vitriolic tide of ire that it raised in my father when the story was told to him on his return. With true Puritanical vividness he denounced it, not as a freak of nature nor as a display of his Satanic Majesty's might, but a figment of youthful imagination, no doubt for personal publicity only, and to be suppressed at all odds. After several days of inquisition and much corporeal persuasion Nelson was induced to retract his story and promise future discretion. The facts remained and the last time I saw Nelson we were talking over old times. In response to some allusion to the then settlement of the question as to whether spurts of flame came out of the fence or not, he, with a far away look in his eyes, replied, "Well, it did anyway." As ever, truth crushed will rise again.

Our family broke up early and from Christmas, 1898, we were never again all at home at the same time until the remnant of the family that once was, was reunited at the funeral of our father, January 21, 1929, a lapse of over thirty-one years. Since then

there have been two more who have crossed the divide, Nelson and Patience's husband, Robert S. Boyd. Who will be next? One remark, made at our reunion, has somehow stuck in my mind. One of my sisters, which one I decline to state, but leave to your intuition, made a remark and, although it was not what is usually termed a classic, does deserve honorable mention. She, after a comparative survey of the faces present, sadly said, "By George, I don't believe there was ever a more homely bunch of kids in any one family before." And I frankly tell you, dear reader, the more I think of it or look at a kodak picture of the group, the greater is my conviction that she was, and is, not only candid, but correct.

Our clothing of those early days must have been a marvel to behold and, like hash, a thing of mystery. When on gala days we were arrayed in our finest, we must have presented an astonishing sight, a picture no artist could paint. Made overs, hand-me-downs, and cuts never seen before on sea or land, we were an assortment indeed! Two pairs of those early home-made shoes are with the State Historical Museum at Lincoln, and they are curios. But where poverty leads the way ingenuity must needs follow. If we had not possessed one of the most ingenious mothers, with her uncanny capacity to somehow make supply cover demand, I do not know what the outcome would have been. Much or little, in the hour of need there was always something.

My earliest remembrance of Christmas would be an outrage to some today. All that the good Saint had left me was a rag doll with corn-silk hair and button eyes. As I remember it even the eyes did not match but, pathetic as it was, I was satisfied. There was something. As before and on many similar occasions we were not disappointed.

In writing, as in verbal recounting, two versions rarely tally. I can only give my personal impressions and let the others do the same. To that end I have

introduced a chapter by brother who, being the eldest, would see the situation from an entirely different viewpoint.

On the old homestead everything is so vastly changed since those early days that, except for scattered fragments that would not be overlooked by a stranger, there is little or nothing to recall the past. The log house that saw the birth ofthe five eldest is no more and even its site is known to few. The later frame house that saw the birth of the youngest in 1883 is still standing. Like an abandoned nest, it is deserted by the brood it once sheltered, a stark memento to the dead years and vanished hopes. I have been recently informed that the house is again occupied, this time by strangers and that after more than fifty years it has witnessed the advent of another, the second birth. So now it relives with the springtime of life. The little stranger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bangs, born Christmas Day, 1933, has been named Christina (in honor of our good mother).

A person in searching may find a few slowly perishing fragments such as the gooseneck or hub bands of the lynch pin wagon, or perhaps the rods of the old turkey wing sod breaker—little else. They, like the pioneers, are gone—forever.

Oh Mother Dear we are lonesome,
How we miss your loving face;
You have left us, to remember
No one else can take your place.

More and more each day we miss you,
Friend may think the wound would heal,
But little they know of the sorrow
That lies in our hearts concealed.

Oh Mother how we miss you,
Our hearts are bent with grief;
But in Eden again we will meet you
In the "Land of Perfect Peace."

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